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ROMANTIC
BALLADS



SAVAGE

THE END

A BOOK OF ROMANTIC BALLADS



ILLUSTRATED BY
REGINALD SAVAGE

GEORGE NEWNES LTD
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LONDON & & & M D C C C C I

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NOTE

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Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Twelfth Night, Act ii. Sc. 4.

*We
imagine of passion*

ROMANTIC BALLADS

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN

PART THE FIRST

ITT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright ;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted shee ;
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow ;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe :
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way ;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee :
Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,
But master and mistres and all was her friend :
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straight-way enamourd of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold ;
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree ;
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy ;
Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye ;
And at her commandment still wold they bee ;
Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe ;
They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe ;
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night,
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suiter, and proper withall ;
Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight ;
My hart's so intralled by thy bewtie,
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee :
My life is distressed : O heare me, quoth hee ;
And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold say,
Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
My father and mother I meane to obey ;
First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee.

To every one this answer shee made,
Wherfore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree ;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee ?

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene :
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well :
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell :
A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee :
Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee :
I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee !

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of the pursse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree ;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.
Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe ;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.
The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene ;
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came speedilye over the plaine,
Or else the young knight for his love had been
 slaine.

This fray being ended, then straitway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore :
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well
 knowne,

The gold that you drop shall all be your owne
With that they replied, Contented bee wee.
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound ;
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemens one the beggar droppt twayne :

Soe that the place, wherin they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.
Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this knight ;
And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene :
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Besse matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye in others despite :
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fitt shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND

OFF a blind beggars daughter most bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight ;
All the discourse therof you did see ;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee,

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the credit of pretty Bessee,

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete,
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete ;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
Soe that a great number therto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree ;
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight ;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solempnized then,
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke and to reason a number begunn :
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, " Much marveil have wee,
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

" The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge ;
But wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they,
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke ;
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play ;
And after that lessons were playd two or three,
He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

" A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene :

A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

“ Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand ;
And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three,
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

“ And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of noble degree :
Therefore never flout att prettye Bessee.”

With that the lords and the companye round
With harty laughter were readye to swound ;
Att last said the lords, Full well wee may see,
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree :

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say),
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee ;
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.

“Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
And if that itt may not winn good report,
Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

“Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee ;
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

“When the barons in armes did king Henrye
oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

“At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine ;
Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye
Bessee !

“Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was fellde by a blowe he receivde in the fight !
A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

“Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee ;
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee !

“A barons faire daughter stept forthe in the nighte
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

“In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be
 slaine :

At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

“And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye ;
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee :
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.

“And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delighe :
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

“And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong :
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne’er had beene knowne, but for prettye
 Bessee.”

Now when the faire companye everye one,
Had heard thestrangetale inthesong hehad showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
 Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
 And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,
 A bridegroome most happy then was the young
 knighte,
 In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
 All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

SISTER HELEN

“WHY did you melt your waxen man,
 Sister Helen?
 To-day is the third since you began.”
 “The time was long, yet the time ran,
 Little brother.”
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Three days to-day, between Hell and Heaven !)

“But if you have done your work aright,
 Sister Helen,
 You’ll let me play, for you said I might.”
 “Be very still in your play to-night,
 Little brother.”
 (*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Third night, to-night, between Hell and Heaven !)

“You said it must melt ere vesper-bell,
Sister Helen ;

If now it be molten, all is well.”

“Even so,—nay, peace ! you cannot tell,
Little brother.”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
O what is this, between Hell and Heaven ?*)

“Oh the waxen knave was plump to-day,
Sister Helen ;
How like dead folk he has dropped away !”

“Nay now, of the dead what can you say,
Little brother ?”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
What of the dead, between Hell and Heaven ?*)

“See, see, the sunken pile of wood,
Sister Helen,
Shines through the thinned wax red as blood !”

“Nay now, when looked you yet on blood,
Little brother ?”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
How pale she is, between Hell and Heaven !*)

“Now close your eyes, for they’re sick and sore,
Sister Helen,

And I’ll play without the gallery door.”

“Aye, let me rest,—I’ll lie on the floor,
Little brother.”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
What rest to-night, between Hell and Heaven ?*)

"Here high up in the balcony,

Sister Helen,

The moon flies face to face with me."

"Aye, look and say whatever you see,

Little brother."

(O Mother, Mary Mother,

What sight to-night, between Hell and Heaven?)

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,

Sister Helen ;

In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."

"Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you spake,

Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,

What sound to-night between Hell and Heaven?)

"I hear a horse-tread, and I see,

Sister Helen,

Three horsemen that ride terribly."

"Little brother, whence come the three,

Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,

Whence should they come, between Hell and Heaven?)

"They come by the hill-verge from Boyne Bar,

Sister Helen,

And one draws nigh, but two are afar."

"Look, look, do you know them who they are,

Little brother?"

(O Mother, Mary Mother,

Who should they be, between Hell and Heaven?)

“Oh, it's Keith of Eastholm rides so fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white mane on the blast.”

“The hour has come, has come at last,
Little brother !”
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her hour at last, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“He has made a sign and called Halloo !
Sister Helen,
And he says that he would speak with you.”
“Oh tell him I fear the frozen dew,
Little brother.”
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Why laughs she thus, between Hell and Heaven ?)*

“The wind is loud, but I hear him cry,
Sister Helen,
That Keith of Ewern's like to die.”
“And he and thou, and thou and I,
Little brother.”
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
And they and we, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“Three days ago, on his marriage-morn,
Sister Helen,
He sickened, and lies since then forlorn.”
“For bridegroom's side is the bride a thorn,
Little brother ?”
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Cold bridal cheer, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“Three days and nights he has lain abed,
Sister Helen,
And he prays in torment to be dead.”

“The thing may chance, if he have prayed,
Little brother!”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
If he have prayed, between Hell and Heaven!*)

“But he has not ceased to cry to-day,
Sister Helen,
That you should take your curse away.”

“My prayer was heard,—he need but pray,
Little brother!”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Shall God not hear, between Hell and Heaven?*)

“But he says, till you take back your ban,
Sister Helen,
His soul would pass, yet never can.”

“Nay then, shall I slay a living man,
Little brother?”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
A living soul, between Hell and Heaven!*)

“But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen,
And says that he melts before a flame.”

“My heart for his pleasure fared the same,
Little brother.”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Fire at the heart, between Hell and Heaven!*)

“Here’s Keith of Westholm riding fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white plume on the blast.”

“The hour, the sweet hour I forecast,
Little brother !”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is the hour sweet, between Hell and Heaven ?*)

“He stops to speak, and he stills his horse,
Sister Helen ;
But his words are drowned in the wind’s course.”
“Nay hear, nay hear, you must hear perforce,
Little brother !”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
What word now heard, between Hell and Heaven ?*)

“Oh he says that Keith of Ewern’s cry,
Sister Helen,
Is ever to see you ere he die.”
“In all that his soul sees, there am I,
Little brother !”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
The soul’s one sight, between Hell and Heaven !*)

“He sends a ring and a broken coin,
Sister Helen,
And bids you mind the banks of Boyne.”
“What else he broke will he ever join,
Little brother ?”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
No, never joined, between Hell and Heaven !*)

“He yields you these and craves full fain,
Sister Helen,
You pardon him in his mortal pain.”

“What else he took will he give again,
Little brother?”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Not twice to give, between Hell and Heaven !*)

“He calls your name in an agony,
Sister Helen,
That even dead Love must weep to see.”

“Hate, born of Love, is blind as he,
Little brother !”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Love turned to hate, between Hell and Heaven !*)

“Oh it's Keith of Keith now that rides fast,
Sister Helen,
For I know the white hair on the blast.”
“The short short hour will soon be past,
Little brother !”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Will soon be past, between Hell and Heaven !*)

“He looks at me and he tries to speak,
Sister Helen,
But oh ! his voice is sad and weak !”
“What here should the mighty Baron seek,
Little brother ?”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Is this the end, between Hell and Heaven ?*)

“Oh his son still cries, if you forgive,
Sister Helen,
The body dies but the soul shall live.”

“Fire shall forgive me as I forgive,
Little brother !”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
As she forgives, between Hell and Heaven !*)

“Oh he prays you, as his heart would rive,
Sister Helen,
To save his dear son's soul alive.”

“Fire cannot slay it, it shall thrive,
Little brother !”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Alas, alas, between Hell and Heaven !*)

“He cries to you, kneeling in the road,
Sister Helen,
To go with him for the love of God !”

“The way is long to his son's abode,
Little brother.”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
The way is long, between Hell and Heaven !*)

“A lady's here, by a dark steed brought,
Sister Helen,
So darkly clad, I saw her not.”

“See her now or never see aught,
Little brother !”
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
What more to see, between Hell and Heaven ?*)

“ Her hood falls back, and the moon shines fair,
Sister Helen,
On the Lady of Ewern’s golden hair.”

“ Blest hour of my power and her despair,
Little brother !”
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Hour blest and bann’d, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“ Pale, pale her cheeks, that in pride did glow,
Sister Helen,
’Neath the bridal wreath three days ago.”
“ One morn for pride and three days for woe,
Little brother !”
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days, three nights, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“ Her clasped hands stretch from her bending head,
Sister Helen ;
With the loud wind’s wail her sobs are wed.”
“ What wedding-strains hath her bridal-bed,
Little brother ?”
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What strain but death’s, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“ She may not speak, she sinks in a swoon,
Sister Helen,—
She lifts her lips and gasps on the moon.”
“ Oh ! might I but hear her soul’s blithe tune,
Little brother !”
*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Her woe’s dumb cry, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“They’ve caught her to Westholm’s saddle-bow,
Sister Helen,

And her moonlit hair gleams white in its flow.”

“Let it turn whiter than winter snow,
Little brother!”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
Woe-withered gold, between Hell and Heaven!*)

“O Sister Helen, you heard the bell,
Sister Helen!

More loud than the vesper-chime it fell.”

“No vesper-chime, but a dying knell,
Little brother!”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
His dying knell, between Hell and Heaven!*)

“Alas! but I fear the heavy sound,
Sister Helen;

Is it in the sky or in the ground?”

“Say, have they turned their horses round,
Little brother?”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
What would she more, between Hell and Heaven?*)

“They have raised the old man from his knee,
Sister Helen;

And they ride in silence hastily.”

“More fast the naked soul doth flee,
Little brother!”

(*O Mother, Mary Mother,
The naked soul, between Hell and Heaven!*)

“ Flank to flank are the three steeds gone,
Sister Helen,
But the lady’s dark steed goes alone.”

“ And lonely her bridegroom’s soul hath flown,
Little brother.”

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
The lonely ghost, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“ Oh the wind is sad in the iron chill,
Sister Helen,
And weary sad they look by the hill.”

“ But he and I are sadder still,
Little brother !”

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Most sad of all, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“ See, see, the wax has dropped from its place,
Sister Helen,
And the flames are winning up apace !”

“ Yet here they burn but for a space,
Little brother !”

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Here for a space, between Hell and Heaven !)*

“ Ah ! what white thing at the door has cross’d,
Sister Helen ?

Ah ! what is this that sighs in the frost ?”

“ A soul that’s lost as mine is lost,
Little brother !”

*(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven !)*

*MAY COLVIN; OR FALSE SIR
JOHN*

FALSE Sir John a-wooing came,
To a maid of beauty rare ;
May Colvin was the lady's name,
Her father's only heir.

He's courted her butt, and he's courted her ben,
And he's courted her into the ha',
Till once he got this lady's consent
To mount and ride awa'.

She's gane to her father's coffers,
Where all his money lay ;
And she's taken the red, and she's left the white,
And lightly she tripped away.

She's gane down to her father's stable,
Where all his steeds did stand ;
And she's taken the best, and left the warst,
That was in her father's land.

He rode on, and she rode on,
They rode a lang simmer's day,
Until they came to a broad river,
An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Loup off the steed," says false Sir John ;
"Your bridal bed you see ;
For it's seven King's daughters I have drowned here,
And the eighth I'll out make with thee.

“Cast off, cast off your silks so fine,
And lay them on a stone,
For they are o’er good and o’er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.

“Cast off, cast off your holland smock,
And lay it on this stone,
For it’s too fine and o’er costly
To rot in the salt sea foam.”

“O turn you about, thou false Sir John,
And look to the leaf o’ the tree ;
For it never became a gentleman
A naked woman to see.”

He’s turned himself straight round about
To look to the leaf o’ the tree ;
She’s twined her arms about his waist,
And thrown him into the sea.

“O hold a grip of me, May Colvin,
For fear that I should drown ;
I’ll take you hame to your father’s gates,
And safely I’ll set you down.”

“O lie you there, thou false Sir John,
O lie you there,” said she,
“For you lie not in a caulder bed
Than the ane you intended for me.”

So she went on her father's steed,
As swift as she can flee ;
And she came home to her father's gates
At the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot :
" May Colvin, where have you been ?
What has become of false Sir John,
That wooed you so late yestereen ? "

Up then spake the pretty parrot,
In the bonny cage where it lay :
" O what hae ye done with the false Sir John,
That he behind you does stay ?

" He wooed you butt, he wooed you ben,
He wooed you into the ha',
Until he got your own consent
For to mount and gang awa'."

" O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me ;
Your cage will be made of the beaten gold
And the spakes of ivorie."

Up then spake the King himself,
In the chamber where he lay :
" Oh ! what ails the pretty parrot,
That prattles so long ere day ? "

“It was a cat cam to my cage door ;
I thought ’twould have worried me ;
And I was calling on May Colvin
To take the cat from me.”

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane ;
The tane unto the t’other say,
“Where sall we gang and dine to-day ?”—

“In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight ;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

“His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk, to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady’s ta’en another mate,
Sa we may mak our dinner sweet.

“Ye’ll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I’ll pick out his bonny blue een ;
Wi’ ae lock o’ his gowden hair
We’ll theek our nest when it grows bare.

“Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane ;
O’er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.”

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME
DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND
HERDSMAN

GENTLE heardsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

“Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon ;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone.”

Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence ;
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

“Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene ;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to committ so great a sinne.”

Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I ;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr :
I am a woman, woe is me !
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

"Gentle Herdsman tell to me"



For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill :
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearly I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee ;
Of comely mien and shape hee was,
And tenderlye hee loved mee.



When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grewe so proude his paine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.

And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him soe to doc.

Thus being wearyed with delaye
To see I pittyed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age ;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye ;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray ;
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Show me the right and readye way.

“ Now goe thy wayes, and God before !
For he must ever guide thee still :
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well ! ”

SIR ALDINGAR

OUR king he kept a false stewarde,
Sir Aldingar they him call ;
A falser steward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have taken our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye :
Our queene she was a good womàn,
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame :
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

“Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyest,
Looke thou goe not hence away ;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day.”

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king :
“If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tydings I could bring.”

Say on, say on, sir Aldingar,
Saye on the soothe to mee.
“Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
And shee will have none of thee.

“If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame ;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.”

If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to me,
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee !
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree.

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opend to him the dore.
A lodlye love, king Harry says,
For our queene dame Elinore !

If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Here on my sword thoust dye ;
But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
And an angry man was hee ;
And soone he found queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see ;
Heere you have chosen a newe newe love,
And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your shame :
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therfore a fyer there shall be built,
And brent all shalt thou bee,—
“Now out alacke ! said our comly queene,
Sir Aldingar’s false to mee.

Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene,
My heart with grieve will brast.
I had thought swevens had never been true ;
I had proved them true at last.

I dreamt in my sweven on thursday eve,
In my bed whereas I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carryed my crowne awaye ;

My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere :
And he wold worrye me with his tush
And to his nest y-beare :

Saving there came a little gray hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall.

: Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wold I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar ;
Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing Ime able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor Sir Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right."

"Now forty dayes I will give thee
To seeke thee a knight therin :
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes,
Thy bodye it must brenn."

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
By north and south bedeene :
But never a champion colde she find,
Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had ;
Many a teare shed our comelye queene,
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
And knelt upon her knee,
“Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may be :

And here I will make mine avowe,
And with the same me binde ;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde.”

Then forth she rode on a faire palfràye
O'er hill and dale about :
But never a champion colde she finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And now the daye drewe on a pace,
When our good queene must dye ;
All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye :
When lo ! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde ;
He seemed noe more in mans likenèsse,
Then a childe of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd,
And what doth cause you moane?
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on.

Yet turn againe, thou faire damselle,
And greete thy queene from mee :
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt
In her bedd, wheras shee laye ;
How when the grype and the grimly beast
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye.

Even then there came the little gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes :
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cause.

Back then rode that faire damselle,
And her hart it lept for glee :
And when she told her gracious dame,
A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come
No helpe appeared nye :
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood ;
And a stake was made of tree ;
And now queene Elinor forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
And three times spake on hye :
Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye :
And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queen Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyre was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee ;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tynye boy they see.

“ Away with that stake, away with those brands,
And loose our comelye queene :
I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene.”

Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguylde.

“Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee ;
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Thoughe I am so small to see.”

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee ;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

“Stand up, stand up, thou false traitòr,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st,
Of height wee shall be meete.”

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingàr,
While I am a man alive.
A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingàr,
Me for to houzle and shrive.

I wolde have taken our comlie queene,
Bot shee wolde never consent
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame ;
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
These tidings sore to tell.
But ever alacke ! sayes Aldingar,
Falsing never doth well.

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The short time I must live.
“ Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.”

Here take thy queene, our king Harryè,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye
A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
And loosed her full sone :
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye ;
The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand :
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight, and tall ;
King Henrye made him his head stewarde,
To wayte withinn his hall.

EDWARD, EDWARD

Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid?
And quhy sae sad gang zee, O?
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid:
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward.
Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee, O.
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O.
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,
Edward, Edward?

And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me, O.

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither :

Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour
ha',
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour
ha'

That were sae fair to see, O?
Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither :

Ile let thame stand till they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour
wife,
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour
wife,

Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
Mither, mither :
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgrave,
Fulle long and manye a daye.
So have I loved you, ladye faire,
Yet word I never durst saye.

I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,
Full daintilye bedight,
If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,
Thoust lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire,
This kindness yee shew to mee ;
And whether it be to my weale or woe,
This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a little foot-page,
By his ladye's coach as he ranne :
Quoth he, thoughe I am my ladye's page,
Yet Ime my lord Barnarde's manne.

My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,
Although I lose a limbe.
And ever whereas the bridges were broke,
He layd him downe to swimme.

Asleep or awake, thou lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life,
Lo ! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury
Litle Musgrave's in bed with thy wife.

If it be trew, thou litle foot-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury
I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou litle foot-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury
All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,
And saddle me my good steede ;
This night must I to Bucklesford-Bury ;
God wott, I had never more neede.

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudlye saye,
Whenever lord Barnarde's horne it blewe,
Awaye, Musgrave, awaye.

Methinkes I heare the throstle cocke,
Methinkes I heare the jay,
Methinkes I heare lord Barnard's horne ;
I would I were awaye.

Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggle me from the cold ;
For it is but some shepharde's boye
A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche,
Thy horse eating corne and haye?
And thou a gay lady within thine armes :
And wouldst thou be awaye?

By this lord Barnard was come to the dore,
And lighted upon a stone :
And he pulled out three silver keyes,
And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the sheete ;
How now, how now, thou little Musgràve,
Dost find my gaye ladye sweete?

I find her sweete, quoth little Musgràve,
The more is my griefe and paine ;
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes
That I were on yonder plaine.

Arise, arise, thou little Musgràve,
And put thy cloathes nowe on,
It shall never be said in my countree,
That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbàrde,
Full deare they cost my purse ;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse.

The first stroke that little Musgrave stricke,
He hurt lord Barnard sore ;
The next stroke that lord Barnard stricke,
Little Musgrave never stricke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,
In bed whereas she laye,
Althoughe thou art dead, my little Musgrave,
Yet for thee I will praye :

And wishe well to thy soule will I,
So long as I have life ;
So will I not do for thee, Barnard,
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her pappes from off her brest ;
Great pitye it was to see
The drops of this fair lady's bloode
Run trickling downe her knee.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrye men all,
You never were borne for my goode :
Why did you not offer to stay my hande,
When you sawe me wax so woode ?

For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte,
That ever rode on a steede ;
So have I done the fairest lady,
That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, a grave, lord Barnard cryde,
To putt these lovers in ;
But laye my ladye o' the upper hande,
For shee comes o' the better kin.

GIL MORRICE

GIL MORRICE was an erlès son,
His name it waxed wide ;
It was nae for his great richès,
Nor zet his mickle pride ;
Bot it was for a lady gay,
That livd on Carron side.

Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen ;
That will gae to lord Barnards ha',
And bid his lady cum ?
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie ;
And ze may rin wi' pride ;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horse-back ze zall ride.

O no ! Oh no ! my master dear !
I dare nae for my life ;
I'll no gae to the bauld baròns,
For to triest furth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie ;
My dear Willie, he sayd :
How can ze strive against the stream ?
For I sall be obeyd.

Bot, O my master dear ! he cryd,
In grene wod ze're zour lain ;
Gie owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi speid :
If ze refuse my heigh command,
Ill gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem ;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain :
And there it is, a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive ;
And bid hir cum to Gil Morrice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour cost ;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze sall find frost.
The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will see before its nicht,
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I'se mak a vow and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And quhen he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',
Would neither chap nor ca' ;
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa'.
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait ;
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
My message winna waite ;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod,
Before that it be late.
Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem :
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your sel alane.

And there it is, a silken sarke,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;
Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morrìce ;
Speir nae bauld barons leave.
The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' hir ee ;
Bot a' that she coud say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.
Its surely to my bow'r-womàn ;
It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;
I trow that ze be she.
'Then up and spack the wylie nurse
(The bairn upon hir knee),
If it be cum frae Gil Morrìce,
It's deir welcum to mee.
Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heird ze lee ;
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;
I trow ze be nae shee.
'Then up and spack the bauld baròn,
An angry man was hee ;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee ;
Till siller cup and mazer dish
In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour clidding,
That hings upon the pin ;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemmàn.
O bide at hame, now lord Barnàrd,
I warde ze bide at hame ;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane.

Gil Morrice sate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang :
O what mean a' the folk coming,
My mother tarries lang.
His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minerva's loome :
His lipps like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae
Gilt by the morning beam :
His cheeks like living roses glow :
His een like azure stream.
'The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant spring :
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he first spied Gil Morrìce
Kameing his zellow hair :
That sweetly wavd around his face,
That face beyond compare :
He sang sae sweet it might dispel
A' rage but fell despair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morrìce,
My lady loed thee weel,
The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the less now, Gil Morrìce,
For a' thy great beautiè,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born ;
That head sall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae ;
And thro' Gil Morrìce' fair body
He's gar cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gil Morrìce' head
And set it on a speir ;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gil Morrice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and doun ;
And there she saw Gil Morrice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Both and that zellow hair,
Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.
And she has tain her Gil Morrice,
And kissed baith mouth and chin :
I was once as fow of Gil Morrice,
As the hip is o' the stean.

I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame ;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip ;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weip.

And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin :
O better I loe my Gil Morrice
Than a' my kith and kin !
Away, away, ze ill womàn,
And an il deith mait ze dee :
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !
Obraid me not for shame !
Wi' that saim speir O pierce my heart !
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gil Morrice head
Thy jelous rage could quell,
Let that saim hand now tak hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights
Will eir be saft or kind ;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blood by me's bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee ;
I rather lourd it had been my sel
Than eather him or thee.

With waefò wae I hear zour plaint ;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound ;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill ;
The feet that bore me wi' silk speid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gil Morrice,
As gin he were mine ain ;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was slain.

WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY

O WALY waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wer wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new ;
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherfore shuld I busk my head ?
Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair ?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets shall neir be fyl'd by me :
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum ?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaws inclemencie ;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my loves heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see,
My love was cled in black velvet.
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kisst,
 That love had been sae ill to win ;
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pinnd it with a siller pin.
 And, oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurses knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane !
 For a maid again Ise never be.

CHILD WATERS

CHILDE WATERS in his stable stoode
 And stroakt his milke white steede :
 To him a fayre yonge ladye came
 As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters ;
 Sayes, Christ you save, and see :
 My girdle of gold that was too longe,
 Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one chyld of yours,
 I feele sturre att my side :
 My gowne of greene it is too straighte ;
 Before, it was too wide.

If the child be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
 Be mine as you tell mee ;
 Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
 Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare :
'Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heyre.

Shee saies, I had rather have one kisse,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth ;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by north and south.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee :
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countrie ;
The fairest lady that I can find,
Ellen, must goe with mee.

Thoughe I am not that lady fayre,
Yet let me go with thee :
And ever I pray you, Child Watèrs,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page be, Ellèn,
As you doe tell to mee ;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene,
An inch above your knee ;

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee :
You must tell no man what is my name ;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his side ;
Yett was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Ellen, will you ryde ?

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome ;
Yett hee was never soe curteous a knighte,
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
Why doe you ryde soe fast ?
The child, which is no man's but thine,
My bodye itt will brast.

Hee sayth, seest thou yonder water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme.—
I trust to God, O Child Waters,
You never will see mee swimme.

But when shee came to the waters side,
Shee sayled to the chinne :
Except the Lord of heaven be my speed,
Now must I learne to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes ;
Our Ladye bare upp her chinne :
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee :
He said, Come hither, thou faire Ellèn,
Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn ?
Of redd gold shines the yate :
Of twenty foure faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn ?
Of redd gold shines the towre :
There are twenty four faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Child Waters,
Of redd golde shines the yate :
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthye mate.

I see the hall now, Child Waters,
Of redd golde shines the towre :
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure.



There twenty four fayre ladyes were
A playing att the ball ;
And Ellen, the fairest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the chesse ;
And Ellen, the fairest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sister,
These were the wordes said shee :
You have the prettyest foot-page, brother,
That ever I saw with mine ee.

But that his bellye it is soe bigg,
His girdle goes wonderous hie :
And let him, I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Goe into the chamber with mee.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To go into the chamber with any ladye,
That weares soe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And sitt downe by the kitchen fyre.

But when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye ;
He sayd, come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And low into the street ;
The fayrest ladye that thou can finde,
Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,
And take her up in thine armes twaine,
For filing of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And low into the streete ;
The fairest ladye that shee cold find,
Shee hyred in his armes to sleepe ;
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

I praye you now, good Childe Watèrs,
Let mee lye at your bedd's feete :
For there is noe place about this house,
Where I may 'saye a sleepe.

He gave her leave, and fair Ellèn
Down at his bed's feet laye :
This done the nighte drove on apace,
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye ;
And soe doe thou the good black oats,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the faire Ellèn,
And gave his steede corne and hay :
And soe shee did the good blacke oates,
To carry him the better away.

Shee leaned her backe to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane :
Shee leaned her back to the manger side,
And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deere,
Shee heard her there monand.
Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,
I think thee a cursed man,

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone :
Or else some woman laboures of childe,
She is soe woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soon,
And did on his shirte of silke ;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his body as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,
Howe shee made her monànd.

She sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deere child,
Lullabye, dere child, dere ;
I wold thy father were a king,
Thy mother layd on a biere.

Peace now, hee said, good faire Ellèn,
Be of good cheere, I praye ;
And the bridal and the churching both
Shall bee upon one day.

SIR CAULINE

THE FIRST PART

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge ;
And with him a yong and comlye knichte,
Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere ;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye ;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
Great dill to him was dight ;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knichte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye :
And aye ! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne :
He sayes, Where is syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne ?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe :
Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leecher fulle fine :
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red ;
Lothe I were him to tîne.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye :
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord ?
O sicke, thou fayr ladyè.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee ;
For it is told in my fathers halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye :
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire ;
Alas ! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee,

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge ;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte
Untill the fayre mornìnge ?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne :
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knichte he is a foul paynì,
And large of limb and bone ;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy sake, fair ladie ;
And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chaumbère,
Her maydens following bright :
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe ;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne ;
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
A furyous wight and fell ;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtèll :

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
O man, I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance comes till my heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee ;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knight, he pricked his steed ;
Syr Cauline bold abode :
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children bare
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande,
But syr Cauline with a backward stroke
He smote off his right hand ;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye :
And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Fast wringing of her hande :
For the maydens love, that most you love,
Withold that deadlye brande :

For the maydens love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye ;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And therto plight thy hand :

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe :
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe ;
And sware to obey syr Caulines hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint :
And he tooke off those ringès five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree :
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay :
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills :
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye :
And mought I hope to winne thy love !—
Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe :
Alas ! syr knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe ?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte so free ;
He give to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe ;
For and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde syr Cauline the knighte :
From that daye forthe he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboure,
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

PART THE SECOND

Everye white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre :
This founde the ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as syr Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire :

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and syr Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee :
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladle.

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe :
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee :
I praye you save syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome :
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladyè ;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye :
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre ;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe :
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lorde of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love ;
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came knights
Fro manye a farre countryè,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love
Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle :
But faire Christabelle soc woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knyghte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye ;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came from the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere ;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldàin !
Behold these heads I beare with me !
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knìght is his own cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent :
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne :
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee ;
Or else thy daughter deere ;
Or else within these lists soe broad
Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe :
Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergoe ?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee ?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre ;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale ;
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldàn,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When she sawe no helpe was nye :
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd :
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldàn,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede :
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte ;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye :
I sweare, as I am the hend soldàn,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came
In his blacke armour dight :
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
That this were my true knighte !

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the lists soe broad ;
And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
That made him reele asyde ;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe :
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee :
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain :
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
Whan they sawe the soldan falle :
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes,
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore,
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leech of skille ;
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladyè,
To helpe him if she maye ;
But when she did his beavere raise,
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline just lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love ;
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane :

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee thy faithfulle feere ;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deepe-feete sighe,
That burst her gentle hearte in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye !
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where shee was dwellin ;
You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his hart is stealin :
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him ;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turnd his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing ;
O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my deth-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin ;
I cannot keep you from your death ;
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in :
Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin ;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turnd her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming :
Laye down, laye down the corps, she sayd,
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheeke with laughter swellin ;
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine ;
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe,
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye :
O that I had beene more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me !

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him ;
And sore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in :
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

GILDEROY

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune :
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy ;
He was my jo and hearts delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! sike twa charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes ;
He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy :
Ah ! wae is mee ! I mourn the day
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years befor
We gan to luvè each other ;
Our dadies and our mammies thay,
Were fill'd wi mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luvè of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought :
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time,
Among the leaves sae green ;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy.
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! that he still had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life ;
But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent.
To stir in feates of strife :
And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld would try ;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
“ My benison gang wi' thee ;
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy ;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy.”

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun :
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy ;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loon that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare :
Had not their laws been made sae strick
I neir had lost my joy,
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been ;
Ah ! what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men :
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy ;
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.



Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong.
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung :
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy ;
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.



Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away,
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washt his comelye clay ;
And siker in a grave sae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winsome Gilderoy.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNIE

“ It’s narrow, narrow, make your bed,
And learn to lie your lane ;
For I’m gaun o’er the sea, Fair Annie,
A braw bride to bring hame.
Wi’ her I will get gowd and gear ;
Wi’ you I ne’er got nane.

“ But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or brew my bridal ale ?
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,
That I bring o’er the dale ? ”—

“ It’s I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale ;
And I will welcome your brisk bride,
That you bring o’er the dale.”—

“ But she that welcomes my brisk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair ;
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair.”—

“ But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane ?
Have I not born seven sons to thee,
And am with child again ? ”—

She’s ta’en her young son in her arms,
Another in her hand ;
And she’s up to the highest tower,
To see him come to land.

“Come up, come up, my eldest son,
 And look o’er yon sea-strand,
 And see your father’s new-come bride
 Before she come to land.”—

“Come down, come down, my mother dear,
 Come frae the castle-wa’!
 I fear, if langer ye stand there,
 Ye’ll let yoursell down fa’.”—

And she gaed down, and farther down,
 Her love’s ship for to see;
 And the topmast and the mainmast
 Shone like the silver free.

And she’s gane down, and farther down,
 The bride’s ship to behold;
 And the topmast and the mainmast
 They shone just like the gold.

She’s ta’en her seven sons in her hand;
 I wot she didna fail!
 She met Lord Thomas and his bride,
 As they came o’er the dale.

“You’re welcome to your house, Lord Thomas;
 You’re welcome to your land;
 You’re welcome, with your fair ladye,
 That you lead by the hand.

“ You’re welcome to your ha’s, ladye,
You’re welcome to your bowers ;
You’re welcome to your hame, ladye,
For a’ that’s here is yours.”—

“ I thank thee, Annie ; I thank thee, Annie—
Sae dearly as I thank thee ;
You’re the likest to my sister Annie,
That ever I did see.

“ There came a knight out o’er the sea,
And steal’d my sister away ;
The shame scoup in his company,
And land where’er he gae !”—

She hang ae napkin at the door,
Another in the ha’ ;
And a’ to wipe the trickling tears,
Sae fast as they did fa’.

And aye she served the lang tables
With white bread and with wine ;
And aye she drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables,
With white bread and with brown ;
And aye she turn’d her round about,
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's ta'en down the silk napkin,
 Hung on a silver pin ;
 And aye he wipes the tear trickling
 Adown her cheek and chin.

And aye he turn'd him round about,
 And smiled amang his men,
 Says—" Like ye best the old ladye,
 Or her that's new come hame ?"—

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
 And a' men bound to bed,
 Lord Thomas and his new-come bride,
 To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,
 To hear what they might say ;
 " And ever alas ! " fair Annie cried,
 " That I should see this day !

" Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,
 Running on the castle-wa',
 And I were a grey cat mysell,
 I soon would worry them a'.

" Gin my seven sons were seven young hares,
 Running o'er yon lilly lee,
 And I were a grew hound mysell,
 Soon worried they a' should be."—

And wae and sad fair Annie sat,
And drearie was her sang ;
And ever, as she sobb'd and grat,
“Wae to the man that did the wrang !”—

“My gown is on,” said the new-come bride,
“My shoes are on my feet,
And I will to fair Annie's chamber,
And see what gars her greet.——

“What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,
That ye make sic a moan ?
Has your wine barrels cast the girds,
Or is your white bread gone ?

“O wha was't was your father, Annie,
Or wha was't was your mother ?
And had you ony sister, Annie,
Or had you ony brother ?”—

“The Earl of Wemyss was my father,
The Countess of Wemyss my mother :
And a' the folk about the house,
To me were sister and brother.”—

“If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,
I wot sae was he mine ;
And it shall not be for lack o' gowd,
That ye your love sall tyne.

"For I have seven ships o' mine ain,
 A' loaded to the brim ;
 And I will gie them a' to thee,
 Wi' four to thine eldest son.
 But thanks to a' the powers in heaven,
 That I gae maiden hame ! "

GLASGERION

GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,
 And a harper he was goode :
 He harped in the kinges chambere,
 Where cuppe and caudle stooode.
 And soe did hee in the queens chamber,
 Till ladies waxed glad.
 And then bespake the kinges daughter ;
 And these wordes thus shee sayd.
 Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,
 Of thy striking doe not blinne :
 Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,
 But it glads my hart withinne.
 Faire might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,
 Who taught you nowe to speake !
 I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeere,
 My minde I neere durst breake.
 But come to my bower, my Glasgeriòn,
 When all men are att rest :
 As I am a ladie true of my promise,
 Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.

Home then came Glasgèrion,
A glad man, lord ! was hee.
And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy ;
Come hither unto mee.

For the kinge's daughter of Normandye
Hath granted mee my boone :
And att her chambere must I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen.

O master, master, then quoth hee,
Lay your head downe on this stone :
For I will waken you, master deere,
Afore it be time to gone.

But up then rose that lither ladd,
And hose and shoone did on :
A collar he cast upon his necke,
Hee seemed a gentleman,

And when he came to the ladye's chamber,
He thrild upon a pinn.
The lady was true of her promise,
Rose up and lett him in.

He did not take the lady gaye
To boulster nor to bed :
Nor thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
A single word he sed.

He did not kisse that ladye's mouthe,
Nor when he came, nor youd :
And sore mistrusted that ladye gay,
He was of some churls bloud.

But home then came that lither ladd,
And did off his hose and shoone ;
And cast the coller from off his necke :
He was but a churlès sonne.

Awake, awake, my deere master,
The cock hath well-nigh crowen.
Awake, awake, my master deere,
I hold it time to be gone.

For I have saddled your horsse, mastèr,
Well bridled I have your steede :
And I have served you a good breakfast ;
For thereof ye have need.

Up then rose good Glasgeriòn,
And did on hose and shoone ;
And cast a coller about his necke :
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladye's chamber,
He thrild upon the pinne :
The ladye was more than true of promise,
And rose and let him inn.

Saies, whether have you left with me
Your bracelett or your glove?
Or are you returned backe againe
To know more of my love?

Glasgèrion swore a full great othe,
By oake, and ashe, and thorne;
Lady, I was never in your chambèr,
Sith the time that I was borne.

O then it was your lither foot-page,
He hath beguiled mee.
Then shee pulled forth a litle pen-kniffe,
That hanged by her knee:

Sayes, there shall noe churlès blood
Within my bodye spring:
No churlès blood shall ever defile
The daughter of a kinge.

Home then went Glasgèrion,
And woe, good lord, was hee.
Sayes, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,
Jacke, I would tell it thee:
But if I have not killed a man to night,
Jacke, thou hast killed three.

And he puld out his bright browne sword,
And dryed it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that lither ladd's head,
Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,
The pummil untill a stone :
Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,
These three lives werne all gone.

KING ESTMERE

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare ;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren
That ever borne y-were.

The tone of them was Adler younge,
The tother was kyng Estmere ;
The were as bolde men in their deeds,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within kyng Estmeres halle :
When will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,
A wyfe to glad us all ?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,
And answered him hastilee :
I know not that ladye in any land
That's able to marrye with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brothèr,
Men call her bright and sheene ;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye shold be my queene.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brothèr,
Throughout merry England,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us towe to sende.

Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,
Ile beare you companye ;
Many throughe fals messengers are deceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht steeds,
And when the came to king Adlands halle,
Of redd gold shone their weeds.

And when the came to kyng Adlands hall
Before the goodlye gate,
There they found good kyng Adlånd
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Now Christ thee save, good kyng Adlånd ;
Now Christ you save and see.
Sayd, You be welcome, king Estmere,
Right hartilye to mee.

You have a daughter, said Adler younge,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene.

Yesterday was att my deere daughter
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne ;
And then she nicked him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do you the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound ;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye ;
That I may see your daughter deere
Before I goe hence awaye.

Although itt is seven yeers and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come once downe for your sake
To glad my guestès alle.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall,
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall ;
And as many gentle squiers,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee ;
And everye ringe on her small fingèr
Shone of the chrystall free.

Saies, God you save, my deere madàm ;
Saies, God you save and see.
Said, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And if you love me, as you saye,
Soe well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt shal bee.

Then bespake her father deare :
My daughter, I saye naye ;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe.
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute ;
And therefore of the king of Spaine
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

Plight me your troth, now, kyng Estmère,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetch him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That married the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempès many one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold baròne,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shee sent one after kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladyè.

One while then the page he went,
Another while he ranne ;
Till he had oretaken king Estmere,
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydings, tydings, kyng Estmere !
What tydinges nowe, my boye ?
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one :

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a bold barðne,
Tone daye to marrye king Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carry her home.

My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee :
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose your ladyè.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brothèr,
My reade shall ryde at thee,
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or goe home and loose my ladye.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
And your reade must rise at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryè,
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

There growes an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne :

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte ;
That sworde is not all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrie ;
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shal be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand :
And I wil be the best singèr,
That ever sung in this lande.

Itt shal be written in our forheads
All and in grammaryè,
That we towe are the boldest men,
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On tow good renish steedes ;
And when they came to king Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr ;
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
Of what land soever ye bee.

Wee beene harpers, sayd Adler younge,
Come out of the northe cuntrye ;
Wee beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold saye king Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme :
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hal yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede
Soe fayre att the hall bord ;
The froth, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light in kyng Bremors beard.

Saies, Stable thy steed, thou proud harpèr,
Saies, Stable him in the stalle ;
It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a kyngs halle.

My ladde he is so lither, he said,
He will doe nought that's meete :
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate ?

Thou speakst proud words, sayes the king of Spaine,
Thou harper, here to mee :
There is a man within this halle
Will beate thy ladd and thee.

O let that man come downe, he said,
A sight of him wold I see ;
And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Down then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare ;
For all the gold that was under heaven
He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, said the kyng of Spaine,
And how what aileth thee ?
He saies, It is writt in his forehead
All and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven
I dare not neigh him nye.

Then kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe,
And plaid a pretty thinge :
The ladye upstart from the borde,
And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
For Gods love I pray thee,
For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou'lt till my bryde from mee.

He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge ;
The ladye lough a loud laughter,
As shee sate by the king.

Saies, Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,
And thy stringès all,
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As heere bee ringes in the hall.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,
If I did sell itt yee?
To playe my wiffe and me a fitt,
When abed together wee bee.

Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe gay,
As shee sits by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As leaves been on a tree.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
Iff I did sell her thee?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee then thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
“O ladye, this is thy owne true love ;
Noe harper, but a kyng.

“O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see ;
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynìm,
Who partes thy love and thee.”

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
 And blushte and lookt agayne,
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
 And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
 And loud they gan to crye ;
 Ah ! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
 And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde
 And swith he drew his brand ;
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
 Throughe help of Gramaryè,
 That soone they have slayne the kempery men,
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
 And marryed her to his wiffe,
 And brought her home to merry Englànd
 With her to leade his life.

SIR AGLOVAILE

SIR AGLOVAILE through the churchyard rode ;
Sing, All alone I lie :
 Little recked he where'er he yode.
All alone, up in the sky.

Swerved his courser, and plunged with fear ;

All alone I lie :

His cry might have wakened the dead men near,

All alone, up in the sky.

The very dead that lay at his feet,

All alone I lie :

Lapt in the mouldy winding-sheet.

All alone, up in the sky.

But he curbed him and spurred him, until he stood

All alone I lie :

Still in his place, like a horse of wood,

All alone, up in the sky.

With nostrils uplift, and eyes wide and wan ;

All alone I lie :

But the sweat in streams from his fetlocks ran.

All alone, up in the sky.

A ghost grew out of the shadowy air,

All alone I lie :

And sat in the midst of her moony hair.

All alone, up in the sky.

In her gleamy hair she sat and wept ;

All alone I lie :

In the dreamful moon they lay and slept ;

All alone, up in the sky.

The shadows above, and the bodies below,

All alone I lie :

Lay and slept in the moonbeams slow.

All alone, up in the sky.

And she sang like the moan of an autumn wind

All alone I lie :

Over the stubble left behind :

All alone, up in the sky.

Alas, how easily things go wrong !

A sigh too much or a kiss too long,

And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,

And life is never the same again.

Alas, how hardly things go right !

'Tis hard to watch in a summer night,

For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,

And the summer night is a winter day.

“ Oh, lovely ghost, my heart is woe,

All alone I lie :

To see thee weeping and wailing so.

All alone, up in the sky.

“ Oh, lovely ghost,” said the fearless knight,

All alone I lie :

“ Can the sword of a warrior set it right ?

All alone, up in the sky.



SAVAGE

Or prayer of bedesman, praying mild,

All alone I lie :

As a cup of water a feverish child,

All alone, up in the sky.

Soothe thee at least, in dreamless mood

All alone I lie :

To sleep the sleep a dead lady should ?

All alone, up in the sky.

Thine eyes they fill me with longing sore,

All alone I lie :

As if I had known thee for evermore.

All alone, up in the sky.

Oh, lovely ghost, I could leave the day

All alone I lie :

To sit with thee in the moon away

All alone, up in the sky.

If thou wouldst trust me, and lay thy head

All alone I lie :

To rest on a bosom that is not dead."

All alone, up in the sky.

The lady sprang up with a strange ghost-cry,

All alone I lie :

And she flung her white ghost-arms on high ;

All alone, up in the sky.

And she laughed a laugh that was not gay,
All alone I lie :

And it lengthened out till it died away ;
All alone, up in the sky.

And the dead beneath turned and moaned,
All alone I lie :

And the yew-trees above they shuddered and groaned.
All alone, up in the sky.

“ Will he love me twice with a love that is vain ?
All alone I lie :

Will he kill the poor ghost yet again ?
All alone, up in the sky.

I thought thou wert good ; but I said, and wept :
All alone I lie :

‘ Can I have dreamed who have not slept ? ’
All alone, up in the sky.

And I knew, alas ! or ever I would,
All alone I lie :

Whether I dreamed, or thou wert good.
All alone, up in the sky.

When my baby died, my brain grew wild,
All alone I lie :

I awoke and found I was with my child.”
All alone, up in the sky.

“If thou art the ghost of my Adelaide,
All alone I lie :
How is it? Thou wert but a village maid,
All alone, up in the sky.

And thou seemest an angel lady white,
All alone I lie :
Though thin, and wan, and past delight.”
All alone, up in the sky.

The lady smiled a flickering smile,
All alone I lie :
And she pressed her temples hard the while,
All alone, up in the sky.

“Thou seest that Death for a woman can
All alone I lie :
Do more than knighthood for a man.”
All alone, up in the sky.

“But show me the child thou callest mine,
All alone I lie :
Is she out to-night in the ghost’s sunshine?”
All alone, up in the sky.

“In St. Peter’s Church she is playing on,
All alone I lie :
At hide-and-seek with Apostle John.
All alone, up in the sky.

When the moonbeams right through the window go,
All alone I lie :

Where the twelve are standing in glorious show,
All alone, up in the sky.

She says the rest of them do not stir,
All alone I lie :

But one comes down to play with her.
All alone, up in the sky.

Then I can go where I list, and weep,
All alone I lie :

For good St. John my child will keep."
All alone, up in the sky.

"Thy beauty filleth the very air ;
All alone I lie :

Never saw I a woman so fair."
All alone, up in the sky.

"Come, if thou darest, and sit by my side ;
All alone I lie :

But do not touch me, or woe will betide.
All alone, up in the sky.

Alas, I am weak ; I well might know
All alone I lie :

This gladness betokens some further woe.
All alone, up in the sky.

Yet come. It will come. I will bear it. I can.

All alone I lie :

For thou lovest me yet—though but as a man.”

All alone, up in the sky.

The knight dismounted in earnest speed ;

All alone I lie :

Away through the tombstones thundered the steed,

All alone, up in the sky.

And fell by the outer wall, and died.

All alone I lie :

But the knight he kneeled by the lady's side ;

All alone, up in the sky.

Kneeled beside her in wondrous bliss,

All alone I lie :

Rapt in an everlasting kiss :

All alone, up in the sky.

Though never his lips come the lady nigh,

All alone I lie :

And his eyes alone on her beauty lie.

All alone, up in the sky.

All the night long, till the cock crew loud,

All alone I lie :

He kneeled by the lady, lapt in her shroud.

All alone, up in the sky.

And what they said, I may not say :

All alone I lie :

Dead night was sweeter than living day.

All alone, up in the sky.

How she made him so blissful glad,

All alone I lie :

Who made her and found her so ghostly sad,

All alone, up in the sky.

I may not tell ; but it needs no touch

All alone I lie :

To make them blessed who love so much.

All alone, up in the sky.

“Come every night, my ghost, to me ;

All alone I lie :

And one night I will come to thee.

All alone, up in the sky.

’Tis good to have a ghostly wife :

All alone I lie :

She will not tremble at clang of strife ;

All alone, up in the sky.

She will only hearken, amid the din,

All alone I lie :

Behind the door, if he cometh in.”

All alone, up in the sky.

And this is how Sir Aglovaile

All alone I lie :

Often walked in the moonlight pale.

All alone, up in the sky.

And oft when the crescent but thinned the gloom,

All alone I lie :

Full orbéd moonlight filled his room.

All alone, up in the sky.

And through beneath his chamber door,

All alone I lie :

Fell a ghostly gleam on the outer floor ;

All alone, up in the sky.

And they that passed, in fear averred

All alone I lie :

That murmured words they often heard.

All alone, up in the sky.

'Twas then that the eastern crescent shone

All alone I lie :

Through the chancel window, and good St. John

All alone, up in the sky.

Played with the ghost-child all the night,

All alone I lie :

And the mother was free till the morning light,

All alone, up in the sky.

And sped through the dawning night, to stay
All alone I lie :

With Aglovaile till the break of day.
All alone, up in the sky.

And their love was a rapture, lone and high,
All alone I lie :

And dumb as the moon in the topmost sky.
All alone, up in the sky.

One night, Sir Aglovaile, weary, slept,
All alone I lie :

And dreamed a dream wherein he wept.
All alone, up in the sky.

A warrior he was, not often wept he,
All alone I lie :

But this night he wept full bitterly.
All alone, up in the sky.

He woke—beside him the ghost-girl shone
All alone I lie :

Out of the dark : 'twas the eve of St. John.
All alone, up in the sky.

He had dreamed a dream of a still, dark wood,
All alone I lie :

Where the maiden of old beside him stood :
All alone, up in the sky.

But a mist came down, and caught her away,

All alone I lie :

And he sought her in vain through the pathless day.

All alone, up in the sky.

Till he wept with the grief that can do no more,

All alone I lie :

And thought he had dreamt the dream before.

All alone, up in the sky.

From bursting heart the weeping flowed on ;

All alone I lie :

And lo ! beside him the ghost-girl shone ;

All alone, up in the sky.

Shone like the light on a harbour's breast,

All alone I lie :

Over the sea of his dream's unrest ;

All alone, up in the sky.

Shone like the wondrous, nameless boon,

All alone I lie :

That the heart seeks ever, night or noon :

All alone, up in the sky.

Warnings forgotten, when needed most,

All alone I lie :

He clasped to his bosom the radiant ghost.

All alone, up in the sky.

She wailed aloud, and faded, and sank,

All alone I lie :

With upturn'd white face, cold and blank,

All alone, up in the sky.

In his arms lay the corpse of the maiden pale,

All alone I lie :

And she came no more to Sir Aglovaile.

All alone, up in the sky.

Only a voice, when winds were wild,

All alone I lie :

Sobbed and wailed like a chidden child.

All alone, up in the sky.

Alas, how easily things go wrong !

A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,

And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,

And life is never the same again.

FAIR JANET

“YE maun gang to your father, Janet,

Ye maun gang to him soon ;

Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,

In case that his days are dune !”

Janet's awa' to her father,
As fast as she could hie ;
" O, what's your will wi' me, father ?
O, what's your will wi' me ? "

" My will wi' you, Fair Janet," he said,
" It is both bed and board ;
Some say that ye lo'e Sweet Willie,
But ye maun wed a French Lord."

" A French Lord maun I wed, father ?
A French Lord maun I wed ?
Then, by my sooth," quo' Fair Janet,
" He's ne'er enter my bed."

Janet's awa' to her chamber,
As fast as she could go ;
Wha's the first ane that tapped there,
But Sweet Willie, her jo !

" O, we maun part this love, Willie,
That has been lang between ;
There's a French Lord coming o'er the sea
To wed me wi' a ring ;
'There's a French Lord coming o'er the sea
To wed and tak me hame."

" If we maun part this love, Janet,
It causeth mickle woe ;
If we maun part this love, Janet,
It makes me into mourning go."

“ But ye maun gang to your three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean ;
Tell them to come to Fair Janet,
In case that her days are dune.”

Willie's awa' to his three sisters,
Meg, Marion, and Jean ;
“ O, haste, and gang to Fair Janet ;
I fear that her days are dune.”

They drew to them their silken hose,
They drew to them their shoon,
They drew to them their silk manteils,
Their coverings to put on ;
And they're awa' to Fair Janet,
By the ae light o' the moon.

“ O, I have born this babe, Willie,
Wi' mickle toil and pain ;
Take hame, take hame, your babe, Willie,
For nurse I dare be nane.”

He's ta'en his young son in his arms,
And kist him cheek and chin—
And he's awa' to his mother's bower,
By the ae light o' the moon.

“ O, open, open, mother,” he says,
“ O, open, and let me in ;

The rain rains on my yellow hair,
And the dew drops o'er my chin—
And I hae my young son in my arms,
I fear that his days are dune."

With her fingers lang and sma'
She lifted up the pin ;
And with her arms lang and sma'
Received the baby in.

"Gae back, gae back, now, Sweet Willie,
And comfort your fair lady ;
For where ye had but ae nourice
Your young son shall hae three."

Willie he was scarce awa',
And the lady put to bed,
When in and came her father dear,
"Make haste, and busk the bride."

"There's a sair pain in my head, father,
There's a sair pain in my side ;
And ill, O ill, am I, father,
This day for to be a bride."

"O ye maun busk this bonnie bride,
And put a gay mantle on ;
For she shall wed this auld French Lord,
Gin she should die the morn."

Some put on the gay green robes,
And some put on the brown,
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,
To shine foremost through the town.

And some they mounted the black steed,
And some mounted the brown ;
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,
To ride foremost through the town.

“ O, wha will guide your horse, Janet ?
O, wha will guide him best ? ”
“ O, wha but Willie, my true love ?
He kens I lo’e him best ! ”

And when they cam to Marie’s Kirk,
To speak the holy name,
Fair Janet’s cheek looked pale and wan,
And her colour gaed and came.

When dinner it was past and done,
And dancing to begin ;
“ O, we’ll go take the bride’s maidens,
And we’ll go fill the ring.”

O ben then cam the auld French Lord,
Saying, “ Bride, will ye dance with me ? ”
“ Awa’, awa’, ye auld French Lord,
Your face I dourna see.”

O ben then came now Sweet Willie,
He came with ane advance,
“O, I’ll go tak the bride’s maidens,
And we’ll go tak a dance.”

“I’ve seen ither days wi’ you, Willie,
And so has mony mae ;
Ye would hae danced wi’ me mysel,
Let a’ my maidens gae.”

O ben then came now Sweet Willie,
Saying, “Bride, will ye dance wi’ me ?”
“Ay, by my sooth, and that I will,
Gin my back should break in three.”

And she’s ta’en Willie by the hand ;
The tear blinded her ee ;
“O, I wad dance wi’ my true love,
Tho’ burst my heart in three !”

She hadna turned her through the dance,
Through the dance but thrice,
When she fell down at Willie’s feet,
And up did never rise !

She’s ta’en her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee ;
“Gie that, gie that to my young son,
He’ll ne’er his mother see.”

Willie's ta'en the key of his coffer,
And gi'en it to his man,
"Gae hame and tell my mother dear,
My horse he has me slain ;
Bid her be kind to my young son,
For father he has nane."

"Gar deal, gar deal the bread," he cried,
"Gar deal, gar deal the wine,
This day has seen my true love's death,
This night shall witness mine."

The tane was buried in Marie's Kirk,
And the tither in Marie's quier.
Out of the tane there grew a birk,
And the tither a bonnie brier.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she ;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
 A week but barely three,
 When word came to the carline wife,
 That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
 Nor fishes in the flood,
 Till my three sons come hame to me,
 In earthly flesh and blood!"—

It fell about the Martinmas,
 When nights are lang and mirk,
 The carline wife's three sons came hame,
 And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
 Nor yet in ony sheugh;
 But at the gates o' Paradise,
 That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
 Bring water from the well!
 For a' my house shall feast this night,
 Since my three sons are well."—

And she has made to them a bed,
 She's made it large and wide;
 And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
 Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray ;
The eldest to the youngest said,
“ ’Tis time we were away.”

The cock he hadna craw’d but once,
And clapp’d his wings at a’,
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
“ Brother we must awa.

“ The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin’ worm doth chide ;
Gin we be mist out o’ our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.”

“ Lie still, lie still, but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may,
Gin our mother should miss us when she wakes,
She will be mad ere day.”

An’ it’s they hae ta’en up their mother’s mantle,
And hung it on a pin,
“ Oh, lang may ye hang, our mother’s mantle,
Ere ye hap us up again.

“ Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
Fareweel to barn and byre !
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother’s fire.”

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OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE

LET never again soe old a man
 Marrye soe young a wife,
 As did old Robin of Portingale ;
 Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott,
 He chose her to his wife,
 And thought with her to have lived in love,
 But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,
 And scarce was hee asleepe,
 But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,
 To the steward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir Gyles ?
 Or be you not within ?
 Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles,
 Arise and let me inn.

O, I am waking, sweete, he said,
 Sweete ladye, what is your will ?
 I have unbethought me of a wile
 How my wed-lord weell spill.

Twenty-four good knights, shee sayes,
 That dwell about this towne,
 Even twenty-four of my next cozèns,
 Will helpe to dinge him downe.

All that beheard his little footpage,
As he watered his masters steed ;
And for his masters sad perille
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned still, and wept full sore ;
I sweare by the holy roode
The teares he for his master wept
Were blent water and bloude.

And that beheard his deare mastèr
As he stood at his garden pale :
Sayes, Ever alacke, my litle foot-page,
What causes thee to wail ?

Hath any one done to thee wronge,
Any of thy fellowes here ?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
That thou shedst manye a teare ?

Or, if it be my head bookes-man,
Aggrieved he shal bee :
For no man here within my howse,
Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man,
Nor none of his degree :
But, on to-morrow ere it be noone
All deemed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head stewàrd,
 And thank your gay ladie.
 If this be true, my litle foot-page,
 The heyre of my land thoust bee.

If it be not true, my dear mastèr,
 No good death let me die.
 If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,
 A dead corse shalt thou lie.

O call now downe my faire ladye,
 O call her downe to mee :
 And tell my ladye gay how sicke
 And like to die I bee.

Downe then came his ladye faire,
 All clad in purple and pall :
 The rings that were on her fingers,
 Cast light thorow the hall.

What is your will, my owne wed-lord ?
 What is your will with mee ?
 O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,
 And like to die I bee.

And thou be sicke, my own wed-lord,
 Soe sore it grieveth me :
 But my five maydens and myselfe
 Will watch thy bedde for thee.

And at the waking of your first sleepe,
We will a hott drinke make :
And at the waking of your next sleepe,
Your sorrowes we will slake.

He put a silk cote on his backe,
And mail of manye a fold :
And hee putt a steele cap on his head,
Was gilt with good red gold.

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,
And another att his feete :
And twentye good knights he placed at hand,
To watch him in his sleepe.

And about the middle time of the night
Came twentye-four traitours inn :
Sir Giles he was the foremost man,
The leader of that ginn.

Old Robin with his bright browne sword,
Sir Gyles head soon did winn :
And scant of all those twenty-four,
Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot-page,
Crept forth at a window of stone :
And he had two armes when he came in,
And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye
 With torches burning bright :
 She thought to have brought sir Gyles a drinke,
 Butt she found her owne wedd knight.

The first thinge that she stumbled on
 It was sir Gyles his foote :
 Sayes, Ever alacke, and woe is mee !
 Here lyes my sweete hart-roote.

The next thinge that she stumbled on
 It was sir Gyles his heade :
 Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is me !
 Heere lyes my true love deade.

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,
 And did her body spille ;
 He cutt the eares beside her heade,
 And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his little foot-page,
 And made him there his heyre ;
 And sayd, henceforth my worldlye goodes
 And countrie I forswear.

He shope the crosse on his right shouldèr,
 Of the white clothe and the redde,
 And went him into the holy land,
 Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

THE BRAES OF YARROW

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she
weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholious weids
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?
 What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
 O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
 And weep around in waeful wise
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow;
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luvè?
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
 Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
 Thou mett'st and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows
the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvè, fair fair indeed thy luvè,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again,
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luvè me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luvè him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luvè on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luvè,
My luvè, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing :
Ah ! wretched me ! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow :
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful, waeful day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning :
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That slew my luvè, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin'
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luvè nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me :
My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luvè thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter :
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lye all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth !
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter :
And lye all night between my breists ;
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow :
Thy luvver heeds none of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

THE SISTERS

WE were two daughters of one race :

She was the fairest in the face :

The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

They were together, and she fell ;

Therefore revenge became me well.

O the Earl was fair to see !

She died : she went to burning flame :

She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.

The wind is howling in turret and tree.

Whole weeks and months, and early and late,

To win his love I lay in wait :

O the Earl was fair to see !

I made a feast ; I bad him come ;

I won his love, I brought him home.

The wind is roaring in turret and tree.

And after supper, on a bed,

Upon my lap he laid his head :

O the Earl was fair to see !

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest :

His ruddy cheek upon my breast.

The wind is raging in turret and tree.

I hated him with the hate of hell,

But I loved his beauty passing well.

O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night :
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
'Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.
O the Earl was fair to see !

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O the Earl was fair to see !

JANE SHORE

IF Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
'That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight ;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine ;
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruin to my life ;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness well ;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to woove,
Because chast love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd :

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,
Did saye, It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before,

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice ;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content ;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtaine a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time
I made unto a promotion climbe ;
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbände could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye grieve did sting ;
From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame ;
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great sorte ;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helplesse people, that were poore ;
I still redrest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares ;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thanks for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe ;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in ;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet.



Where many thousands did me viewe,
Who late in court my credit knewe ;
Which made the teares run down my face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they tooke from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.



Then unto Mrs. Blague I went
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant :

But she denyed to me the same,
When in my need for them I came ;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late ;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me :

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed ;
His death did grieve me so much more
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food ;
Whereby I begged all the day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns, beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old ;
My chains and gems and golden rings
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life ;
Both sucking babes and children small
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed :
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent :

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye ;
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just ;
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every one ?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove ;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives :
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

LORD THOMAS and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill ;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill :
A' ! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee :

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to mee :
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet bee ?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane ;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull soon be gane !

And he has till his brother gane :
Now, brother, rede ye mee ;
A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee ?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye ;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre ;
And I sall hae nothing to my sell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sister gane :
Now, sister, rede ye mee ;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free ?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane ;
Lest you sould sigh and say, Alace !
What is this we brought hame ?

No, I will tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand ;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride ;
Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheene ;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair ;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my smock ;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twenty siller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twenty gay gude knights
Rade by fair Annets side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
 She sat on Maries stean :
 The cleading that fair Annet had on
 It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
 She shimmer'd like the sun ;
 The belt that was about her waist
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And her een they wer sae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
 Whan fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
 And he gave it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
 She spak wi' meikle spite ;
 And whair gat ye that rose-water,
 That does mak yee sae white ?

O I did get the rose-water
 Whair ye wull neir get nane,
 For I did get that very rose-water
 Into my mithers wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet into the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee :
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
Now stay, my dear, he cry'd ;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere ;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare ;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvvers deare.

WILLIAM AND MARJORIE

LADY MARJORIE, Lady Marjorie,
Sat sewing her silken seam,
And by her came a pale, pale ghost,
Wi' mony a sigh and mane.

"Are ye my father, the king?" she says,
"Or are ye my brither John?
Or are ye my true love, sweet William,
From England newly come?"

"I'm not your father, the king," he says,
"No, no, nor your brither John;
But I'm your true love, sweet William,
From England that's newly come."

"Have ye brought me any scarlets sae red,
Or any silks sae fine;
Or have ye brought me any precious things,
That merchants have for sale?"

"I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,
No, no, nor the silks sae fine;
But I have brought you my winding-sheet
O'er many's the rock and hill.

"O Lady Marjorie, Lady Marjorie,
For faith and charitie,
Will ye give to me my faith and troth,
That I gave once to thee?"

“O your faith and troth I’ll not give thee,
No, no, that will not I,
Until I get ae kiss of your ruby lips,
And in my arms you come lie.”

“My lips they are sae bitter,” he says,
“My breath it is sae strang ;
If you get ae kiss of my ruby lips,
Your days will not be lang.

“The cocks they are crawling, Marjorie,” he says,—
“The cocks they are crawling again ;
It’s time the dead should part the quick,—
Marjorie, I must be gane.”

She followed him high, she followed him low,
Till she came to yon churchyard green ;
O there the grave did open up,
And young William he lay down.

“What three things are these, sweet William,” she
says,
“That stands here at your head ?”
“It’s three maidens, Marjorie,” he says,
“That I promised once to wed.”

“What three things are these, sweet William,” she
says,
“That stands here at your side ?”
“It is three babes, Marjorie,” he says,
“That these three maidens had.”

“What three things are these, sweet William,” she says,

“That stands here at your feet?”

“It is three hell-hounds, Marjorie,” he says,

“That’s waiting my soul to keep.”

She took up her white, white hand,
And she struck him in the breast,
Saying,—“Have there again your faith and troth,
And I wish your soul gude rest.”

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne ;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele ; for never a dele
They love a man agayne :
For late a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them pursue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd
That womans faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayd ;
But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse
In this case might be layd,
That they love true, and continuë :
Recorde the Not-browne Mayde :
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart ; for in her hart
She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus
What was all the manere
Betwayne them two : we wyll also
Tell all the payne, and fere,
That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
So that ye me answère ;
Wherfore, all ye that present be,
I pray you, gyve an ere.
“I am the knyght ; I come by nyght,
As secret as I can ;
Sayinge, Alas ! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man.”

She. And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll nat refuse ;
Trustyng to shewe, in wordès fewe,
That men have an yll use
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse ;
Therfore to you I answeere nowe,
All women to excuse,—
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere ?
I pray you, tell anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. It standeth so ; a dede is do
Wherof grete harme shall growe :
My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe ;
Or elles to fle : the one must be,
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true !
None other rede I can :
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
That changeth as the mone !
My somers day in lusty may
Is derked before the none.
I here you say, farewell : Nay, nay,
We dèpart nat so sone.
Why say ye so ? wheder wyll ye go ?
Alas ! what have ye done ?
All my welfàre to sorrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. I can beleve, it shall you greve,
And somewhat you dystrayne ;
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall sone aslake ; and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought ? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do ; and pray you to,
As hartely as I can ;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde ;
Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd
Was to her love unkynde :
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and say :
Of yonge, and olde, it shall be tolde,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode you to play ;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Though it be songe of old and yonge,
That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name :
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame ;
In your dystresse, and hevynesse,
To part with you, the same :
And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. I counceyle you, remember howe,
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlawe :
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe ;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe ;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe :
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,
It is no maydens lore :
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have sayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
To gete us mete in store ;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more :
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony stone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde ;
Without pytè, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had nede (as God forbede !),
What rescous coude ye fynde ?
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde :
And no mervayle ; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than :
Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
But feble for to fyght ;
No womanhede it is indede
To be bolde as a knyght :
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght,
And you to save ; as women have
From deth a many one :
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
That ye coude nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete : for dry, or wete,
We must lodge on the playne ;
And, us above, none other rofe
But a brake bush, or twayne :
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Syth I have here bene partynère
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo
Endure, as reson is :
Yet am I sure of one plesùre ;
And, shortely, it is this :
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
I coude nat fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were sone agone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete be for you gete,
Nor drinke, here, ale, ne wyne.
No shetès clene, to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne ;
None other house, but leves and bowes,
To cover your hed and myne,
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète
Sholde make you pale and wan ;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè :
And water clere of the ryvère
Shall be full swete to me ;
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see ;
And, or we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me :
As cut your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtel by the kne ;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes, yf nede-be :
And this same nyght before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it shortely as ye can :
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede ;
To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete mother, before all other
For you I have most drede :
But nowe, adue ! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye : Now let us fle ;
The day cometh fast upon ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall nat go,
And I shall tell ye why,—
Your appetyght is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espy :
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answère whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde ;
And so is a womàn.
Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Such wordes to say by me ;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè :
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved
A squyer of lowe degrè ;
And ever shall, whatso befall ;
To dy therfore anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. A barons chylde to be begylde !
It were a cursed dede ;
To be felàwe with an outlawe !
Almighty God forbede !
Yet beter were, the pore squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That, by my cursed dede,
Ye were betray'd : Wherfore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd :
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele ;
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent ;
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you ;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe ;
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe :
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese ;
So wyll I, yf I can ;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

She. Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your :
And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde,
And courteys every hour ;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power :
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Of them I wolde be one ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde, and true ;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe ;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be nat dismayed ; whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began ;
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
I am no banyshed man.



She. These tydings be more gladd to me,
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure :
But it is often sene,
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
The wordès on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene :
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone :
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall nat nede further to drede ;
I wyll nat dysparàge
You (God defend !), syth ye descend
Of so grete a lynàge.
Nowe undyrstande ; to Westmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge ; and with a rynge,
By way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can :
Thus have you won an erlys son,
And not a banyshed man.

Author. Here may ye se, that women be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable :
 Late never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable ;
 But, rather, pray God, that we may
 To them be comfortable ;
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he
 loveth,
 Yf they be charytable,
 For syth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one ;
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but hym alone.

THE CRUEL SISTER

THERE were two sisters sat in a bour ;
 • *Binnorie, O Binnorie ;*
 There came a knight to be their wooer ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
Binnorie, O Binnorie ;
 But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing ;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sore envied her sister fair;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The eldest said to the youngest ane,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
“Will ye go and see our father's ships come in?”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And led her down to the river strand;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The youngest stude upon a stane,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
The eldest came and pushed her in;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

She took her by the middle sma',
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“O sister, sister, reach your hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And ye shall be heir of half my land.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“O sister, I’ll not reach my hand,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And I’ll be heir of all your land;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“Shame fa’ the hand that I should take,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
It’s twin’d me, and my world’s make.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“O sister, reach me but your glove,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall be your love.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And sweet William shall better be my love,
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Garr’d me gang maiden evermair.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

Until she cam to the miller's dam;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!

Binnorie, O Binnorie;

There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan."—
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

And there he found a drown'd woman;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

For gowd and pearls that were so rare;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

You could not see her middle sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

Her gowden girdle was sae bra';
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

A famous harper passing by,
Binnorie, O Binnorie;

The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;
By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Whose notes made sad the listening ear ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He brought it to her father's hall,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And there was the court assembled all ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And straight it began to play alone ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“ O yonder sits my father, the king,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And yonder sits my mother, the queen ;
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

“And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
And by him my William, sweet and true.”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

But the last tune that the harp play'd then,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie;
Was—“Woe to my sister, false Helen!”—
 By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT

BALOW, my babe, lye still and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe :
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
 It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luv,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire :
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
 Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
 It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest, sweetly smile :
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids : nay God forbid !
But yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.*

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luvng to thy father still :
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luv with him doth still abyde :
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.*

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline :
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new ;
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair,

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.*

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve ;
 My babe and I right saft will ly,
 And quite forgeit man's cruelty.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
 It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.*

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a womans mouth !
 I wish all maides be warnd by mee
 Nevir to trust mans curtesy ;
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'le use us then they care not how.

*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
 It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.*

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
 And clouds are highest up in air,
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
 Lovers long-betroth'd were they :
 They two will wed the morrow morn :
 God's blessing on the day !

“He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,” said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, “Who was this that went from thee?”
“It was my cousin,” said Lady Clare,
“To-morrow he weds with me.”

“O God be thank’d!” said Alice the nurse,
“That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are *not* the Lady Clare.”

“Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?”
Said Lady Clare, “that ye speak so wild?”
“As God’s above,” said Alice the nurse,
“I speak the truth: you are my child.

“The old Earl’s daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.”

“Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,” she said, “if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald’s,
When you are man and wife.”

“If I’m a beggar born,” she said,
“I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret all ye can.”
She said “Not so : but I will know
If there be any faith in man.”

“Nay now, what faith ?” said Alice the nurse,
“The man will cleave unto his right.”
“And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinn’d for thee.”
“O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“So strange it seems to me.

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought,
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed ;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :

He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood :

“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the next in blood—

“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

ANNAN WATER

“ ANNAN water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny ;
And I am laith she suld weet her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

“ Gar saddle me the bonny black,
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready ;
For I will down the Gatehope-Slack,
And all to see my bonnie ladye.”—

He has loupén on the bonny black,
He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly ;
But, or he wan the Gatehope-Slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupén on the bonny grey,
He rade the right gate and the ready ;
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonny ladye.

O he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through muir and moss, and mony a mire :
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae her fore-feet flew the fire.

"Now, bonny grey, now play your part !
Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sall make you wearie."—

The grey was a mare, and a right good mare ;
But when she wan the Annan water,
She couldna hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat !
Put off your boat for gowden money !
I cross the drumly stream the night,
Or never mair I see my honey."—

"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
And not by ae aith, but by many ;
And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,
I dare na take ye through to Annie."—

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring ;
And the bonny grey mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.

O he has pou'd aff his dapperpy coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonny ;
The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail ;
I wot he swam both strong and steady,
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny ladye !

“ O wae betide the frush saugh wand !
And wae betide the bush of brier,
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

“ And wae betide ye, Annan Water,
This night that ye are a drumlie river !
For over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever.”

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen ;
Oh ! things without compare ;
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
 Forty, at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than mine)
 Walked on before the rest :
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;
The king (God bless him !) 'twould undo him,
 Should he go still so drest.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' the town ;
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the Crown.

But, wot you what ? The youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
 The parson for him stayed ;
Yet, by his leave (for all his haste),
He did not so much wish all past
 (Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale ;
 For, such a maid no Whitsun ale
 Could ever yet produce),
 No grape that's kindly ripe could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck ;
 And to say truth, for out it must,
 It looked like the great collar just
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light :
 But, oh ! she dances such a way—
 No sun upon an Easter day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone) ;
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear
 (The side that's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly) ;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon,
 I trow, besides the bride ;
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
 Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey ;
Each serving-man with dish in hand
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
 Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
 What man of knife or teeth was able

To stay to be entreated?

And this the very reason was,
 Before the parson could say grace

The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
 Healths first go round, and then the house,

The bride's came thick and thick ;

And when 'twas named another's health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth ;

(And who could help it, Dick ?)

By this time all were stol'n aside
 To counsel and undress the bride ;

But that he must not know—

But yet 'twas thought he guessed her mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind

Above an hour or so.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,

How shee wooed an English man ?

Garments gay as rich as may be

Decked with jewels she had on.

Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
 And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye ;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me ;
O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse ;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse ;
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

“ How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowst thy country's foe ?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee :
Serpents lie where flowers grow.”
All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
 That you came on Spanish ground ;
 If our foes you may be termed,
 Gentle foes we have you found :
 With our city, you have won our hearts eche one,
 Then to your country bear away, that is your owne.

“ Rest you still, most gallant lady ;
 Rest you still, and weep no more ;
 Of fair lovers there is plenty,
 Spain doth yield a wonderous store.”
 Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
 But Englishmen through all the world are counted
 kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
 You alone enjoy my heart ;
 I am lovely, young, and tender,
 Love is likewise my desert :
 Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest ;
 The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

“ It wold be a shame, fair lady,
 For to bear a woman hence ;
 English soldiers never carry
 Any such without offence.”
 I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
 And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er thou go.

“I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place.”
My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown.

“On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which wil be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes.”
Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

“Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife :
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.”

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend !
Many happy days God send her ;
Of my suit I make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
 Bear to her this chain of gold ;
 And these bracelets for a token ;
 Grieving that I was so bold :
 All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
 For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
 Love and all her laws defye ;
 In a nunnery will I shroud mee
 Far from any companie :
 But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
 To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain !
 Farewell too my heart's content !
 Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
 Though to thee my love was bent :
 Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee !
 "The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladle."

FAUSE FOODRAGE

KING EASTER has courted her for her lands,
 King Wester for her fee,
 King Honour for her comely face,
 And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevels them amang,
And kevels them between ;
And they cast kevels them amang,
Wha suld gae kill the king.

O, some said yea, and some said nay,
Their words did not agree ;
Till up and got him, Fause Foodrage,
And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gay ladye
In a high chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
That watch and ward did keep.

O four and twenty silver keys
Hang hie upon a pin ;
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
He has fasten'd it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
Says—"What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
Or wha has loot you in?"—

"O ye my errand weel sall learn,
Before that I depart."—
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the Queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee,
"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honour has left me wi'."—

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
"Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He sall be hanged hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He sall mount the gallows pin."—

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
Were set the Queen to guard ;
And four stood aye at her bour door,
To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
To set her body free.

O she has birl'd these merry young men
With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were a' deadly drunk
As any wild-wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow is this window,
And big, big am I grown !"—
Yet through the might of Our Ladye,
Out at it she is gone.

She wander'd up, she wander'd down,
She wander'd out and in ;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
The Queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevil's them amang,
Which suld gae seek the Queen ;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The Queen fell on her knee :
"Win up, win up, madam !" she says :
"What needs this courtesie ?"—

"O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me ;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honour left me wi'.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to breast a steed ;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
As weel to write and read.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield both bow and brand ;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
To lay gowd wi' her hand.

"At kirk and market when we meet,
We'll dare make nae avowe,
But—' Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk ?'
' Madame, how does my dow ?' "

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang ;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A-hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you suld be heir."—

"How I suld be heir of that castell,
In sooth, I canna see;
For it belongs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me."—

"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For I wot he kill'd your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

"And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she darna take ye hame."—

The boy stared wild like a gray goss-hawk;
Says—"What may a' this mean?"—
"My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother's our lawful Queen."—

“O gin I be King Honour’s son,
By Our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!”—

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa’;
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help ’gan ca’.

“O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage,
Frae me ye shanna flee;”—
Syne pierced him through the fause, fause heart,
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William
Wi’ the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow,
Wi’ the truth o’ his right hand.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

1

“O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither’d from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II

“O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel’s granary is full,
And the harvest’s done.

III

“I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.”

IV

“I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery’s child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

V

“I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look’d at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

VI

“I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she bend, and sing
A faery’s song.

VII

“She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
‘I love thee true.’

VIII

“She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh’d full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

IX

“And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream’d—ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream’d
On the cold hill’s side.

X

“I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry’d—‘La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!’

XI

“I saw their starv’d lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill’s side.

XII

“And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.”

*THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF
ISLINGTON*

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squire's son :
He loved the bayliffe's daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see :
Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffe's daughter deare ;
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine ;
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she sayd,
Will ease me of much paine.

One penny one penny kind—
Sir she sayd



Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne.
At Islington, kind sir, sayd shee,
Where I have had many a scorne.

I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffe's daughter of Islington.
She is dead, sir, long agoe.

Will ease me of
much paine



If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also ;
For I will into some farr countrie,
Where noe man shall me knowe.

O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side ;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore ;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK

“O Waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen !”—
“And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean !

“O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear ?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom ye may not win near ?”—

“I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear ;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi’ mony a bitter tear.

“But weel’s me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee ;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me.”—

“But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know ?
I bear a tongue ne’er wi’ her spake,
An eye that ne’er her saw.”—

“O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see ;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

“The red, that's on my true love's cheek,
Is like blood-drops on the snaw ;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

“And even at my love's bour-door
There grows a flowering birk ;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

“And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair ;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there.”

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray ;
And he is awa to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at the ladye's bour
There grew a flowering birk ;
And he sat down and sung thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
Amang her maidens free ;
For the flower, that springs in May morning,
Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's yate,
And sat him on a pin ;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low low note,
And syne he sang a clear ;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was—"Your love can no win here."—

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonnie bird's sang.

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen ;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love sen."

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave ;
And syne he picked his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

“ Have there a letter from Lord William ;
He says he’s sent ye three ;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he’ll die.”—

“ Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale ;
And I shall meet him at Mary’s kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale.”

The lady’s gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu’ woman was she ;
As gin she had ta’en a sudden brash,
And were about to die.

“ A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee ! ”—
“ Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne’er shall see.

“ But, for your honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be.”—
“ Then, gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

“ And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye’s gar the mass be sung ;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye’s gar the bells be rung.

“And when ye come to St. Mary’s kirk,
Ye’s tarry there till night.”

And so her father pledg’d his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta’en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare ;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mix’d wi’ care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seem’d to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spake her cruel step-minnie,
“Tak ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead.”

They took a drap o’ boiling lead,
They drapp’d it on her breast ;
“Alas ! alas !” her father cried,
“She’s dead without the priest.”

She neither chatter’d with her teeth,
Nor shiver’d with her chin ;
“Alas ! alas !” her father cried,
“There is nae breath within.”

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier ;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

“Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell ;
And every steek that they put in
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the bells be rung ;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St. Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on a raw ;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

“Set down, set down the bier,” he said,
“Let me look her upon :”
But as soon as Lord William touch'd her hand,
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone ;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

“A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine ;
For I hae fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.—

“Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,
Gae hame and blaw your horn !
A trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn.

“Commend me to my grey father,
That wished my saul gude rest ;
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
Garr'd burn me on the breast.”—

“Ah ! woe to you, you light woman !
An ill death may ye die !
For we left father and sisters at hame
Breaking their hearts for thee.”

KATHARINE JANFARIE

THERE was a may, and a weel-far'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen :
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland Border ;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin ;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersell,
And has her favour won.

But out then cam Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this bonny may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin ;
But he told na the bonnie may hersell,
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see ;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answer'd she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger
Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an armed man
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding-day ;
And said—"It was the Fairy court
To see him in array !

"O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play ?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding-day ?"

"I come na here to fight," he said,
"I come na here to play ;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,
And mount, and go my way."

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve ;
He's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen speired na leave.

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar !
Now take her if you may !
But, if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone grey ;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a' ;
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae ;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride—
“O wae's me for foul play !”

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing !
Wae to your wilfu' will !
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's bluid ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English Border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding-day ;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul foul play.

*THE LADY TURNED SERVING-
MAN*

You beauteous ladyes, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,
An ancient barons only heire,
And when my good old father dyed,
Then I became a young knight's bride.

And there my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower ;
A braver bower you ne'er did see
Then my true-love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay,
Till fortune wrought our loves decay ;
For there came foes so fierce a band,
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,
 And brent my bower, and slew my knight ;
 And trembling hid in man's array,
 I scant with life escap'd away.

In the midst of this extremitie,
 My servants all did from me flee :
 Thus was I left myself alone,
 With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
 Heaven would not suffer me to despaire,
 Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
 From faire Elise to sweet Williame :

And therewithall I cut my haire,
 Resolv'd my man's attire to weare ;
 And in my beaver, hose and band,
 I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,
 I sate me downe to rest awhile ;
 My heart it was so fill'd with woe,
 That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place
 With all his lords a hunting was,
 And seeing me weepe, upon the same
 Askt who I was, and whence I came.

Then to his grace I did replye,
I am a poore and friendlesse boye,
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee
A serving-man of lowe degree.

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd,
For thee a service I'll provyde :
But tell me first what thou canst do ;
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all ?
Or wilt be taster of my wine,
To 'tend on me when I shall dine ?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,
About my person to remaine ?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee great reward ?

Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place.
Then I reply'd, If it please your grace
To shew such favour unto mee,
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee.

The king then smiling gave consent,
And straitwaye to his court I went ;
Where I behavde so faithfullie,
That hee great favour showd to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide ;
The king he would a hunting ride
With all his lords and noble traine,
Sweet William must at home remaine.

Thus being left alone behind,
My former state came in my mind :
I wept to see my man's array ;
No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladyes vest,
Within the same myself I drest ;
With silken robes, and jewels rare,
I deckt me, as a ladye faire :

And taking up a lute straitwaye,
Upon the same I strove to play ;
And sweetly to the same did sing,
As made both hall and chamber ring.

“ My father was as brave a lord,
As ever Europe might afford ;
My mother was a lady bright ;
My husband was a valiant knight ;

“ And I myself a ladye gay,
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array ;
The happiest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.

“I had my musicke every day,
Harmonious lessons for to play ;
I had my virgins fair and free
Continually to wait on mee.

“But now, alas ! my husband’s dead,
And all my friends are from me fled,
My former days are past and gone,
And I am now a serving-man.”

And fetching many a tender sigh,
As thinking no one then was nigh,
In pensive mood I laid me lowe,
My heart was full, the tears did flowe.

The king, who had a huntinge gone,
Grewe weary of his sport anone,
And leaving all his gallant traine,
Turn’d on the sudden home againe :

And when he reach’d his statelye tower,
Hearing one sing within his bower,
He stopt to listen, and to see
Who sung there so melodiouslye.

Thus heard he everye word I sed,
And saw the pearlye teares I shed,
And found to his amazement there,
Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then stepping in, Faire ladye, rise,
 And dry, said he, those lovelye eyes,
 For I have heard thy mournful tale,
 The which shall turne to thy availe.

A crimson dye my face orespred,
 I blusht for shame, and hung my head,
 To find my sex and story knowne,
 When as I thought I was alone.

But to be briefe, his royall grace
 Grewe so enamour'd of my face,
 The richest gifts he proffered mee,
 His mistress if that I would bee.

Ah ! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd,
 I'll rather in my grave be layd,
 And though your grace hath won my heart,
 I ne'er will act soe base a part.

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayd hee,
 Thy virtue shall rewarded bee ;
 And since it is soe fairly tryde,
 Thou shalt become my royal bride.

Then strait to end his amorous strife,
 He tooke sweet William to his wife,
 The like before was never seene,
 A serving-man became a queene.

PATIENT GRISSELL

A NOBLE marquess,
As he did ride a-hunting
 Hard by a forest side,
A fair and comely maiden,
As she did sit a spinning,
 His gentle eye espied.
Most fair and lovely,
And of comely grace was she,
 Although in simple attire :
She sang most sweetly,
With pleasant voice melodiously,
 Which set the lord's heart on fire.
The more he lookt, the more he might ;
Beauty bred his heart's delight,
 And to this comely damsel then he went :
"God speed," quoth he, "thou famous flower,
Fair mistress of this homely bower,
 Where love and virtue dwell with sweet content."

With comely gesture,
And modest mild behaviour,
 She bad him welcome then ;
She entertained him
In faithful friendly manner,
 And all his gentlemen.
The noble marquess
In's heart felt such a flame,
 Which set his senses all at strife :

Quoth he, "Fair maiden,
Show me soon what is thy name :

I mean to make thee my wife."

"Grissell is my name," quoth she,

"Far unfit for your degree,

A silly maiden, and of parents poor."

"Nay, Grissell, thou art rich," he said,

"A virtuous, fair, and comely maid ;

Grant me thy love, and I will ask no more."

At length she consented,

And being both contented

They married were with speed ;

Her country russet

Was turned to silk and velvet,

As to her state agreed ;

And when that she

Was trimly tirèd in the same,

Her beauty shined most bright,

Far staining every

Other fair and princely dame,

That did appear in sight.

Many envied her therefore,

Because she was of parents poor,

And 'twixt her lord and she great strife did raise.

Some said this, and some said that,

And some did call her beggar's brat,

And to her lord they would her oft dispraise.

“O ! noble marquess,”
Quoth they, “why dost thou wrong us,
Thus basely for to wed,
That might have gotten
An honourable lady
Into your princely bed ?
Who will not now
Your noble issue still deride,
Which shall be hereafter born
That are of blood so base,
Born by the mother’s side,
The which will bring them to scorn.
Put her, therefore, quite away,
And take to you a lady gay,
Whereby your lineage may renownèd be.”
Thus every day they seemed to prate
At maliced Grissell’s good estate ;
Who took all this most mild and patiently.

When that the marquess
Did see that they were bent thus
Against his faithful wife,
Whom he most dearly,
Tenderly, and entirely,
Belovèd as his life ;
Minding in secret
For to prove her patient heart,
Thereby her foes to disgrace ;

Thinking to show her
A hard discourteous part,
 That men might pity her case.
Great with child this lady was,
And at last it came to pass,
 Two goodly children at one birth she had :
A son and daughter God had sent,
Which did their father well content,
 And which did make their mother's heart
 full glad.

Great royal feasting
Was at the children's christening,
 And princely triumph made ;
Six weeks together,
All nobles that came thither,
 Were entertained and stayed ;
And when that these pleasant
Sportings quite were done,
 The marquess a messenger sent
For his young daughter,
And his pretty smiling son ;
 Declaring his full intent,
How that the babes must murdered be ;
For so the marquess did decree.
 “ Come, let me have the children,” then he said.
With that fair Grissell wept full sore,
She wrung her hands, and said no more,
 “ My gracious lord must have his will obeyed.”

She took the babies,
Even from the nursing ladies,
 Between her tender arms ;
She often wishes
With many sorrowful kisses,
 That she might ease their harms.
“ Farewell, farewell,
A thousand times, my children dear,
 Never shall I see you again ;
'Tis 'long of me,
Your sad and woeful mother here,
 For whose sake both must be slain.
Had I been born of noble race,
You might have lived in happy case ;
 But you must die for my unworthiness.
Come, messenger of death,” quoth she,
“ Take my dearest babies to thee,
 And to their father my complaints express.”

He took the children,
And to his noble master,
 He bore them forth with speed ;
Who in secret sent them
Unto a noble lady,
 To be nurst up in deed.
Then to fair Grissell,
With a heavy heart he goes,
 Where she sat mildly all alone :

A pleasant gesture,
And a lovely look she shows,
 As if no grief she had known.
Quoth he, "My children now are slain;
What thinks fair Grissell of the same?
 Sweet Grissell, now declare thy mind to me."
"Sith you, my lord, are pleased with it,
Poor Grissell thinks the action fit:
 Both I and mine at your command will be."

"My nobles murmur,
Fair Grissell, at thy honour,
 And I no joy can have,
Till thou be banished,
Both from my court and presence,
 As they unjustly crave.
Thou must be stripped
Out of thy stately garments all;
 And as thou cam'st to me,
In homely gray,
Instead of bisse and purest pall,
 Now all thy clothing must be:
My lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore.
 The poorest life must now content thy mind,
A groat to thee I must not give
Thee to maintain while I do live;
 Against my Grissell such great foes I find."

When gentle Grissell
Did hear these woeful tidings,
 The tears stood in her eyes ;
Nothing she answered,
No words of discontentment
 Did from her lips arise.
Her velvet gown
Most patiently she strippèd off,
 Her kirtle of silk with the same :
Her russet gown
Was brought again with many a scoff,
 To bear them herself she did frame.
When she was dressed in this array,
And ready was to part away,
 “ God send long life unto my lord,” quoth she ;
“ Let no offence be found in this,
To give my love a parting kiss.”
 With watery eyes, “ Farewell, my dear,” said he.

From stately palace
Unto her father's cottage
 Poor Grissell now is gone.
Full fifteen winters
She lived there contented ;
 No wrong she thought upon.
And at that time through
All the land the speeches went,
 The marquess should married be

Unto a noble lady great,
Of high descent ;
 And to the same all parties did agree.
The marquess sent for Grissell fair,
The bride's bed-chamber to prepare
 That nothing therein might be found awry.
The bride was with her brother come
Which was great joy to all and some ;
 But Grissell took all this most patiently.

And in the morning,
When that they should be wedded,
 Her patience there was tried ;
Grissell was charged
Herself in princely manner
 For to attire the bride.
Most willingly
She gave consent unto the same ;
 The bride in bravery was dressed,
And presently
The noble marquess thither came
 With all the ladies at his request.
“ O ! Grissell, I would ask of thee,
If to this match thou wilt agree ?
 Methinks thy looks are waxèd wondrous coy.”
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissell she replied the while,
 “ God send lord marquess many years of joy.”

The marquess was moved
To see his best beloved
 Thus patient in distress ;
He stept unto her,
And by the hand he took her,
 These words he did express :—
“Thou art the bride,
And all the bride I mean to have :
 These two thy own children be.”
The youthful lady
On her knees did blessing crave,
 Her brother as well as she.
“And you that envied her estate,
Whom I have made my loving mate,
 Now blush for shame, and honour virtuous
 life.
The chronicles of lasting fame
Shall evermore extol the name
 Of patient Grissell, my most constant wife.”

A BALLAD OF HELL

“A LETTER from my love to-day !
 Oh, unexpected, dear appeal !”
She struck a happy tear away
 And broke the crimson seal.

“ My love, there is no help on earth,
No help in heaven ; the dead man’s bell
Must toll our wedding ; our first hearth
Must be the well-paved floor of hell.”

The colour died from out her face,
Her eyes like ghostly candles shone ;
She cast dread looks about the place,
Then clenched her teeth, and read right on.

“ I may not pass the prison door ;
Here must I rot from day to day,
Unless I wed whom I abhor,
My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.

“ At midnight, with my dagger keen,
I’ll take my life ; it must be so.
Meet me in hell to-night, my queen,
For weal and woe.”

She laughed although her face was wan,
She girded on her golden belt,
She took her jewelled ivory fan,
And at her glowing missal knelt.

Then rose, “ And am I mad ? ” she said,
She broke her fan, her belt untied ;
With leather girt herself instead,
And stuck a dagger at her side.

She waited, shuddering in her room,
Till sleep had fallen on all the house,
She never flinched ; she faced her doom :
They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went ;
And stooping, crept by hedge and tree ;
Her rose-bush flung a snare of scent,
And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute's space ;
She tore the sward in her distress ;
The dewy grass refreshed her face ;
She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost
Once when the moon came out and stood
To watch ; the naked road she crossed,
And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak ;
A live thing shrieked ; she made no stay !
She hurried to the trysting-oak—
Right well she knew the way.

Without a pause she bared her breast
And drove her dagger home and fell,
And lay like one that takes her rest,
And died and wakened up in hell.

She bathed her spirit in the flame,
And near the centre took her post ;
From all sides to her ears there came
The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side,
Comely, and tall, and black as jet.
“ I am young Malespina’s bride ;
Has he come hither yet ? ”

“ My poppet, welcome to your bed.”
“ Is Malespina here ? ”
“ Not he ! To-morrow he must wed
His cousin Blanche, my dear ! ”

“ You lie ; he died with me to-night.”
“ Not he ! It was a plot.” “ You lie.”
“ My dear, I never lie outright.”
“ We died at midnight, he and I.”

The devil went. Without a groan
She, gathered up in one fierce prayer,
Took root in hell’s midst all alone,
And waited for him there.

She dared to make herself at home,
Amidst the wail, the uneasy stir.
The blood-stained flame that filled the dome,
Scentless and silent, shrouded her.

How long she stayed I cannot tell ;
But when she felt his perfidy,
She marched across the floor of hell ;
And all the damned stood up to see.

The devil stopped her at the brink ;
She shook him off ; she cried, " Away !"
" My dear, you have gone mad, I think."
" I was betrayed : I will not stay."

Across the weltering deep she ran—
A stranger thing was never seen :
The damned stood silent to a man ;
They saw the great gulf set between.

To her it seemed a meadow fair ;
And flowers sprang up about her feet ;
She entered heaven ; she climbed the stair ;
And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

Seraphs and saints with one great voice
Welcomed that soul that knew not fear ;
Amazed to find it could rejoice,
Hell raised a hoarse half-human cheer.



GEORDIE

THERE was a battle in the north,
It wasna' far frae Fordie,
And they hae killed Sir Charlie Hay,
And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O, he has written a lang letter,
He sent it to his lady ;
"It's ye maun come up to E'nbrugh town,
To see what word's o' Geordie."

When first she look'd the letter on,
She was baith red and rosy ;
But she hadna' read a word but twa,
Till she wallow't like a lily.

"Gar get to me my gude grey steed ;
My menzie a' gae wi' me ;
For I shall neither eat nor drink,
Till E'nbrugh toun shall see me."

And she has mountit her gude grey steed,
Her menzie a' gaed wi' her ;
And she did neither eat nor drink,
Till E'nbrugh toun did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,
And syne the axe to heid him ;
And Geordie comin' down the stair,
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd wi' fetters strang,
O' airn and steel sae heavy,
There wasna ane in a' the court,
Sae braw a man as Geordie.

O she's doun on her bendit knee,
I wat she's pale and wearie ;
" O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my dearie !

" I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie ;
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
Pity a waefu' lady ! "

" Gar bid the heiding-man mak' haste ! "
The king replied fu' lordly ;
" O noble king, tak' a' that's mine,
But gie me back my Geordie ! "

The Gordons cam', and the Gordons ran,
And they were stark and steady ;
And aye the word amang them a',
Was, " Gordons, keep you ready ! "

An auld lord at the king's right hand,
Says, " Noble king, but hear me ;
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
And gie her back her dearie. "

Then out and speaks the King again,
O but he spak' bonnie ;
"If ye'll tell down five thousand pounds,
Ye'll buy the life o' Geordie !"

Some gae her merks, some gae her crouns,
Some gae her dollars many,
And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,
And she's gotten again her dearie.

He claspit her by the middle sma',
And he kiss'd her lips sae rosy ;
"The fairest flower o' womankind
Is my sweet bonnie lady !"

WILLIE'S DROWN'D IN GAMERY

"O WILLIE is fair, and Willie is rare,
And Willie is wondrous bonny ;
And Willie says he'll marry me,
Gin ever he marry ony."

"O ye'se get James, or ye'se get George,
Or ye'se get bonny Johnnie ;
Ye'se get the flower o' a' my sons,
Gin ye'll forsake my Willie."

"O what care I for James or George,
Or yet for bonny Peter ?
I dinna value their love a leek,
An' I get na Willie the writer."

“O Willie has a bonny hand,
And dear but it is bonny ;
He has nae mair for a’ his land,
What would ye do wi’ Willie ?

“O Willie has a bonny face,
And dear but it is bonny ;
But Willie has nae other grace,
What would ye do wi’ Willie ?”

“Willie’s fair, and Willie’s rare,
And Willie’s wondrous bonny ;
There’s nane wi’ him that can compare,
I love him best of ony.”

On Wednesday, that fatal day,
The people were convening ;
Besides all this, three score and ten,
To gang to the bridesteel wi’ him.

“Ride on, ride on, my merry men a’,
I’ve forgot something behind me ;
I’ve forgot to get my mother’s blessing,
To gae to the bridesteel wi’ me.”

“Your Peggy she’s but bare fifteen,
And ye are scarcely twenty ;
The water o’ Gamery is wide and braid,
My heavy curse gang wi’ thee !”

Then they rode on, and further on,
Till they came on to Gamery ;
The wind was loud, the stream was proud,
And wi' the stream gaed Willie.

Then they rode on, and further on,
Till they came to the kirk o' Gamery ;
And every one on high horse sat,
But Willie's horse rade toomily.

When they were settled at that place,
The people fell a mourning ;
And a council held amo' them a',
But sair, sair wept Kinmundy.

Then out it speaks the bride hersell,
Says, " What means a' this mourning ?
Where is the man amo' them a'
That should gi'e me fair wedding ? "

Then out it speaks his brother John,
Says, " Meg, I'll tell you plainly,
The stream was strong, the clerk rade wrong,
And Willie's drown'd in Gamery. "

She put her hand up to her head,
Where were the ribbons many ;
She rave them a', let them down fa',
And straightway ran to Gamery.

She sought it up, she sought it down,
Till she was wet and weary ;
And in the middle part o' it,
There she got her deary.

Then she stroak'd back his yellow hair,
And kiss'd his mou' sae comely ;
“ My mother's heart be as wae as thine,
We'se baith sleep in the water o' Gamery.”

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF BRISTOWE

THE FIRST PART

BEHOLD the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin, the Merchant's Daughter of Bristowe
town,
Whose firm affection nothing could move ;
This favour bears the lovely brown.

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many years had borne this lady great good
will ;
She lovèd him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expel
To view strange countrys he intends.

And now, to take his last farewell
 Of his true love, his fair and constant Maudlin,
 With musick sweet that did excel
 He plays under her window then.

“Farewell,” quoth he, “mine own true love,
 Farewell, my dear, and chiefest treasure of my
 heart !

Through fortune’s spight, that false did prove,
 I am inforced from thee to part

“Into the land of Italy :

There will I wail, and weary out my dayes in woe ;
 Seeing my true love is kept from me,
 I hold my life a mortal foe.

“Fair Bristowe town, therefore, adieu,
 For Padua shall be my habitation now ;
 Although my love doth lodge in thee,
 To whom alone my heart I vow.”

With trickling tears this he did sing,
 With sighs and sobs descending from his heart
 full sore :

He said, when he his hands did wring,
 “Farewell, sweet love, for evermore !”

Fair Maudlin, from a window high,
 Beholding her true love with musick where he
 stood,

But not a word she durst reply,
 Fearing her parents’ angry mood.

In tears she spent this doleful night,
Wishing, though naked, with her faithful friend :
She blames her friends, and fortune's spight
That wrought their loves such luckless end.

And in her heart she made a vow
Clean to forsake her country and her kinsfolks all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early she did rise :
She gets her down in a lower room,
Where sundrie seamen she espies.

A gallant master amongst them all,
The master of a fair and goodlie ship was he,
Who there stood waiting in the hall,
To speak with her father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand,
“ Good sir,” said she, “ would you speak with any
here ? ”

Quoth he, “ Fair maid, therefore I stand : ”
“ Then, gentle sir, I pray you to draw near.”

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings the seaman all
alone ;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moan.

She falls upon her tender knee :

“Good sir,” she said, “now pity you a woman’s
woe,

And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I my grief to you may show.”

“Sith you repose your trust,” he said,
“To me that am unknown, and eke a stranger here,
Be you assured, most proper maid,
Most faithfull still I will appear.”

“I have a brother, then,” quoth she,
“Whom as my life I love and favour tenderlie,
In Padua, alas ! is he,
Full sick, God wot, and like to die.

“And fain I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yield to let me go ;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to me,
And unto me this favour show.

“Some ship-boy’s garment bring to me,
That I disguised may go away from hence un-
known ;
And unto sea I’ll go with thee,
If thus much favour may be shown.”

“Fair maid,” quoth he, “take here my hand :
I will fulfil each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
And in that place that you require.”

She gave him then a tender kiss,

“And faith, your servant, gallant master, will I be,
And prove your faithful friend for this,
Sweet master, then, forget not me.”

This done, as they had both decreed,

Soon after, early, before the break of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth herself array :

And ere her father did arise,

She meets her master as he walks in the hall :
She did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the merchant made an end

Of all the matters to the master he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, “Our daughter is gone away !”

The merchant, thus amazed in mind,

“Yonder vile wretch inticed away my child,”
quoth he ;

“But well, I wot, I shall him find
At Padua, in Italy.”

With that bespake the master^e brave :

“Worshipfull master, thither goes this pretty
youth,
And anything that you would have,
He will perform it, and write the truth.”

“Sweet youth,” quoth he, “if it be so,
 Bear me a letter to the English merchants there,
 And gold on thee I will bestow :
 My daughter’s welfare I do fear.”

Her mother takes her by the hand ;
 “Fair youth,” quoth she, “if there thou dost my
 daughter see,
 Let me thereof soon understand,
 And there is twenty crowns for thee.”

Thus, through the daughter’s strange disguise,
 The mother knew not when she spake unto her
 child ;
 And after her master straightway she hies,
 Taking her leave with countenance mild.

Thus to the sea fair Maudlin is gone
 With her gentle master : God send them a merry
 wind ;
 Where we awhile must let them alone,
 Till you the second part do find.

PART THE SECOND

“Welcome, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
 Where bitter storms and tempests do arise :
 The pleasant banks of Italy
 We may behold with mortal eyes.”

“Thanks, gentle master,” then quoth she :

“A faithful friend in sorrow hast thou been ;
If fortune once doth smile on me,
My thankful heart shall well be seen.

“Blest be the land that feeds my love !

Blest be the place whereas his person doth abide !
No trial will I stick to prove,
Whereby my true love may be tried.

“Now will I walk with joyful heart,

To view the town whereas my darling doth remain,
And seek him out in every part,
Until I do his sight attain.”

“And I,” quoth he, “will not forsake

Sweet Maudlin in her sorrow up and down :
In wealth and woe thy part I’ll take,
And bring thee safe to Padua town.”

And after many wearie steps,

In Padua they safely do arrive at last :
For very joy her heart it leaps ;
She thinks not of her sorrows past.

Condemned to die he was, alas !

Except he would from his religion turn ;
But rather than he would to mass,
In fiery flames he vowed to burn.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER 2.

Now doth Maudlin weep and wail :

Her joy is changed to weeping, sorrow, grief, and
care :

But nothing could her plaints prevail,

For death alone must be his share.

She walks under the prison walls,

Where her true love doth lie and languish in
distress ;

Most wofully for food he calls,

When hunger did his heart oppress.

He sighs and sobs and makes great moan :

“Farewell,” he said, “sweet England, now for
evermore,

And all my friends that have me known

In Bristowe town with wealth and store.

“But most of all farewell,” quoth he,

“My own true love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left
behind :

For never more shall I see thee ;

Woe to thy father most unkind !

“How well were I, if thou wert here,

With thy fair hands to close these wretched eyes ;

My torments easie would appear ;

My soul with joy shall scale the skies.”

When Maudlin heard her lover's moan,
Her eyes with tears, her heart with sorrow fillèd
was.

To speak with him no means is known,
Such grievous doom on him did pass.

Then she cast off her lad's attire,
A maiden's weed upon her back she seemly set :
To the judge's house she did enquire,
And there she did a service get.

She did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently she did herself behave,
With her in love her master fell ;
Her servant's favour he doth crave.

"Maudlin," quoth he, "my heart's delight,
To whom my heart is in affection tied,
Breed not my death through thy despight ;
A faithful friend I will be tried.

"Grant me thy love, fair maid," quoth he,
"And at my hands require what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise."

"I have a brother, sir," she said,
"For his religion is now condemned to die :
In loathsome prison he is laid,
Oppressed with grief and misery.

“Grant me my brother’s life,” she said,
 “And to you my love and liking I will give.”
 “That may not be,” quoth he, “fair maid ;
 Except he turn, he cannot live.”

“An English friar there is,” she said,
 “Of learning great and passing pure of life,
 Let him to my brother be sent,
 And he will finish soon the strife.”

Her master hearing this request,
 The mariner in friar’s weed she did array,
 And to her love, that lay distressed,
 She did a letter straight convey.

When he had read these gentle lines,
 His heart was ravishèd with sudden joy ;
 Where now she was full well he knew :
 The friar likewise was not coy ;

But did declare to him at large
 The enterprise for him his love had taken in hand.
 The young man did the friar charge,
 His love should straight depart the land.

“Here is no place for her,” he said,
 “But woful death and danger of her harmless life :
 Professing truth I was betrayed,
 And fearfull flames must end my strife.

“For, ere I will my faith deny,
And swear myself to follow damned Antichrist,
I’ll yield my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the Highest.”

“O sir!” the gentle friar said,
“For your sweet love recant, and save your
wished life.

“A woful match,” quoth he, “is made
Where Christ is lost to win a wife.”

When she had wrought all means that might
To save her friend, and that she saw it would not
be.

Then of the judge she claimed her right,
To die the death as well as he.

When no persuasion could prevail,
Nor change her mind in anything that she had
said,

She was with him condemned to die,
And for them both one fire was made.

And arm in arm most joyfully
These lovers twain unto the fire did go :
The mariner most faithfully
Was likewise partner of their woe.

But when the judges understood
The faithful friendship did in them remain,
They saved their lives ; and afterward
To England sent them home again.

Now was their sorrow turned to joy,
 And faithful lovers had now their heart's desire :
 Their pains so well they did imploy,
 God granted that they did require.

And when they were to England come,
 And in merry Bristowe arrived at the last,
 Great joy there was to all and some
 That heard the dangers they had past.

Her gentle master she desired
 'To be her father, and at the church to give her
 then :
 It was fulfilled as she required,
 Unto the joy of all good men.

COSPATRICK

COSPATRICK has sent o'er the faem ;
 Cospatrick brought his ladye hame ;
 And fourscore ships have come her wi',
 The ladye by the grene-wood tree.

There were twal' and twal' wi' baken bread,
 And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae reid,
 And twal' and twal' wi' bouted flour,
 And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,
And at her stirrup he did run ;
And she was clad in the finest pall,
But aye she let the tears down fall.

“ O is your saddle set awrye ?
Or rides your steed for you ower high ?
Or are you mourning, in your tide,
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride ? ”—

“ I am not mourning, at this tide,
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride ;
But I am sorrowing in my mood,
That I suld leave my mother good.

“ But, gentle boy, come tell to me,
What is the custom of thy countrie ? ”—
“ The custom thereof, my dame,” he says,
“ Will ill a gentle ladye please.

“ Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded,
And seven king's daughters has our lord bedded ;
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast-bane,
And sent them mourning hame again.

“ Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,
Ye may gae safely to his bed ;
But gif o' that ye be na sure,
Then hire some damsell o' your bour.”—

The ladye's call'd her bour maiden,
That waiting was into her train ;
“ Five thousand merks I'll gie to thee,
To sleep this night with my-lord for me.”—

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,
And a' men unto bed were gane,
Cospatrick and the bonny maid,
Into a chamber they were laid.

“ Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, bed,
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web ;
And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that winna lie,
Is this a true maiden that lies by me ? ”—

“ It is not a maid that you hae wedded,
But it is a maid that you hae bedded ;
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,
But not the maiden that it should be.”—

O wrathfully he left the bed,
And wrathfully his claes on did ;
And he has ta'en him through the ha',
And on his mother he did ca'.

“ I am the most unhappy man,
That ever was in Christen land !
I courted a maiden, meik and mild,
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi' child.”—

“ O stay, my son, into this ha’,
And sport ye wi’ your merrymen a’ ;
And I will to the secret bour,
To see how it fares wi’ your paramour.”—

The carline she was stark and sture,
She aff the hinges dang the dure ;
“ O is your bairn to laird or loun,
Or is it to your father’s groom ? ”—

“ O hear me, mother, on my knee,
Till my sad story I tell to thee :
O we were sisters, sisters seven,
We were the fairest under heaven.

“ It fell on a summer’s afternoon,
When a’ our toilsome task was done,
We cast the keivils us amang,
To see which suld to the grene-wood gang.

“ O hon ! alas, for I was youngest,
And aye my weird it was the hardest !
The kevil it on me did fa’,
Whilk was the cause of a’ my woe.

“ For to the grene-wood I maun gae,
To pu’ the red rose and the slae ;
To pu’ the red rose and the thyme,
To deck my mother’s bour and mine.

“ I hadna pu’d a flower but ane,
When by there came a gallant hende,
Wi’ high-coll’d hose and laigh-coll’d shoon,
And he seem’d to be sum kingis son.

“ And be I a maid, or be I nae,
He kept me there till the close o’ day ;
And be I a maid, or be I nane,
He kept me there till the day was done.

“ He gae me a lock o’ his yellow hair,
And bade me keep it ever mair ;
He gae me a carknet o’ bonny beads,
And bade me keep it against my needs.

“ He gae to me a gay gold ring,
And bade me keep it abune a’ thing.”—
“ What did ye wi’ the tokens rare,
That ye gat frae that gallant there ? ”—

“ O bring that coffer unto me,
And a’ the tokens ye sall see.”—
“ Now stay, daughter, your bour within,
While I gae parley wi’ my son.”—

O she has ta’en her thro’ the ha’,
And on her son began to ca’ ;
“ What did ye wi’ the bonny beads
I bade you keep against your needs ?

“What did you wi’ the gay gold ring
I bade you keep abune a’ thing?”—

“I gae them to a ladye gay,
I met on grene-wood on a day.

“But I wad gie a’ my halls and tours,
I had that ladye within my bours;
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that ladye to my wife.”—

“Now keep, my son, your ha’s and tours,
Ye have the bright burd in your bours;
And keep, my son, your very life,
Ye have that ladye to your wife.”—

Now, or a month was come and gane,
The ladye bare a bonny son:
And ’twas weel written on his breast-bane
“Cospatrick is my father’s name.”
O row my lady in satin and silk,
And wash my son in the morning milk.

THE CHILD OF ELLE

ON yonder hill a castle standes
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A younge and comely knight.
The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he stoode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see !
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydings bee ?

My lady shee is all woe-begone,
And the teares they fall from her eyne ;
And aye she laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of golde,
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
Whan she is layde in grave.

For, ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countràye,
And within three dayes shee must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I her owne true love
Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know
This night will I bee at her bowre-windòwe,
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither stint ne stayd
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee ;
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windòwe,
And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the ladye Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe :

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladyè,
Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfràye :
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
Nowe nay, this may not bee ;
For aye shold I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true
Mayst safelye wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.

“ My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye ;
And what would he saye if his daughter
Awaye with a knight should fly ?

“ Ah ! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Until he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode.”

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that might befallè.

Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe :
At length he seized her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe :

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie :
The teares that fell from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
And her on a fair palfràye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle,
In her bed whereas shee ley,
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde !

Awake, my noble dame !

Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,

And called his merrye men all :

“And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
The ladye is carried to thrall.”

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,

A mile forth of the towne,

When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe :

And foremost came the carlish knight,

Sir John of the north countràye :

“Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye lineàge,

And was of a ladye borne,

And ill it beseems thee a false churl's sonne
To carry her hence to scorne.”

Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight,

Nowe thou doest lye of mee ;

A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knighte
Doe try this arduous deede.

But light nowe downe, my deare ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horse ;
While I and this discourteous knighte
Doe try our valour's force.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish knight
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,
As his weapon he waved amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye :
Ah ! what may ladye Emmeline doe ?
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.



“Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baròn,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love’s band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day ;
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye sayd wee may.

O give consent, shee may be mine,
And blesse a faithfull paire ;
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage faire :

My mother she was an earl’s daughtèr,
And a noble knyght my sire ”—
The baron he frowned, and turn’d away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand :
At lengthe she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire yong knyght and mee :
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye ;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turned his heade asyde
To whipe away the starting teare
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stoode,
And mused a little space ;
Then raised faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,
And gave her lillye white hand ;
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land ;

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
In dayes of youthful pride ;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine ;
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline.

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.

There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.

When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,

Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,

At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana :

Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana ;

Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,

Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana.

While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,

I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
 Oriana :
She watch'd my crest among them all,
 Oriana :
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman tall,
 Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
 Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
 Oriana :
The false, false arrow went aside,
 Oriana :
The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
 Oriana !
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
 Oriana !

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,
 Oriana.
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
 •Oriana.
Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepen'd in its place,
 Oriana ;
But I was down upon my face,
 Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana !

How could I rise and come away,
Oriana ?

How could I look upon the day ?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—

They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
Oriana !

O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,
Oriana !

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana :

What wantest thou ? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana ?

I cry aloud : none hear my cries,
Oriana.

Thou comest atween me and the skies,
Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise
Up from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana.

Within thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !

Oriana !

O happy thou that liest low,

Oriana !

All night the silence seems to flow

Beside me in my utter woe,

Oriana.

A weary, weary way I go,

Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,

Oriana,

I walk, I dare not think of thee,

Oriana.

Thou liest beneath a greenwood tree,

I dare not die and come to thee,

Oriana.

I hear the roaring of the sea,

Oriana.

THE HIREMAN CHIEL

THERE was a knight, a baron bright,

A bauld baron was he,

And he had only but one son,

A comely youth to see.

He's brought him at schools nine,

So has he at schools ten,

But the boy learn'd to haud the plow

Among his father's men.

But it fell ance upon a day
The bauld baron did say,
“My son you maun gae court a wife,
And ane o’ high degree.

“Ye have lands, woods, rents, and bouirs,
Castles and towers three ;
Then go my son and seek some dame
To share that gift wi’ thee.”

“Yes, I have lands and woods, father,
Castles and towers three ;
But what if she like my lands and rents
Far more than she loves me ?

“But I will go and seek a wife
That weel can please mine ee,
And I sall fairly try her love
Before she gang wi’ me.”

He then took off the scarlet coat,
Bedeck’d wi’ shinin’ gold,
And has put on the hireman’s coat,
To keep him frae the cold.

He then laid past the studded sword,
That he could bravely draw,
And he’s gone skipping down the stair,
Swift as the bird that flew.

He took a stick into his hand,
Which he could bravely wiel,
And he's gane whistling o'er the lan',
Like a young hireman chiel.

And he gaed up yon high high hill,
And low down i' the glen,
And there he saw a gay castle,
Wi' turrets nine or ten.

And he has gone on, and farther on,
Till to the yett drew he,
And there he saw a lady fair,
That pleas'd the young man's ee.

He went straight to the grieve's chamber,
And with humilitie,
Said, "Have ye any kind of work
For a hireman chiel like me?"

"What is the work that ye intend,
Or how can we agree?
Can ye plow, reap, and sow the corn,
And a' for meat and fee?"

"Yes, I can plow, and reap, and mow,
And sow the corn too ;
I can weel manage horse and cow,
And a' for meat and fee."

“If ye can haud the plow right weel,
And sow the corn too,
By faith and troth, my hireman chiel,
We shall not part for fee.”

He’s put his hand in his pocket,
And ta’en out shillings nine ;
Says, “Take ye that, my hireman chiel,
And turn in here and dine.”

He acted all he took in hand,
His master lov’d him weel,
And the young lady of the land
Fell in love wi’ the hireman chiel.

How oft she tried to drown the flame,
And oft wept bitterlie ;
But still she lov’d the hireman chiel,
So well’s he pleas’d her ee.

She has written a broad letter,
And seal’d it wi’ her hand,
And dropt it at the stable-door,
Where the young man did stand.

“I am in love, my hireman chiel,
I’m deep in love wi’ thee ;
And if ye think me worth your love,
I’ the garden green meet me.”

When he had read the letter o'er,
A loud loud laugh gae he ;
Said, " If I manage my business well,
I'm sure to get my fee."

At night they met behind a tree,
Low in the garden green,
To tell their tale among the flowers,
And view the e'ening scene.

Next morning by the rising sun,
She, with her Maries fair,
Walk'd to the fields to see the plow,
And meet the hireman there.

" Good morn, good morn, my lady gay,
I wonder much at you,
To rise so early in the morn,
While fields are wet wi' dew,
To hear the linnets on the thorn,
And see the plow-boy plow."

" But I wonder much at you, young man,
I wonder much at you,
That ye no other station have
Than hold my father's plow."

" I love as weel to rise each morn
As ye can your Maries fair ;
I love as weel to hold the plow
As I were your father's heir.

“If ye love me, as ye protest,
And I trust weel ye do,
The morn’s night, at eight o’clock,
In gude green wood meet me.”

“Yes, I love you, my hireman chiel,
And that most tenderlie,
But when my virgin honor’s gone,
I soon will slighted be.”

“Take ye no dread, my lady gay,
Lat a’ your folly be ;
If ye come a maiden to green wood,
You’ll return the same for me.”

The lady she went home again
Wi’ a Mary on every hand ;
She was so very sick in love,
She could not sit nor stand.

It was a dark and cloudy night,
No stars beam’d o’er the lea,
When the lady and the hireman met
Beneath a spreading tree.

He took the lady in his arms,
Embraced her tenderlie,
And thrice he kiss’d her rosy lips
Under the green wood tree.

“Haud off your hands, young man, I pray ;
I wonder much at thee ;
The man that holds my father’s plow,
To lay his hands on me.”

“No harm I mean, my winsome dame,
No impudence at a’ ;
I never laid a hand on you
’Till your libertie I saw.”

“It is a dark and dismal night,
The dew is falling down ;
I will go home, least I should spoil
My cap and satin gown.”

“If you are wearied so soon,
Why did ye tryst me here ?”
“I would not weary with you, my dear,
Tho’ this night were a year.”

When morning beams began to peep
Among the branches green,
The lovers rose, and part to meet,
And tell their tale again.

“Ye will go home unto the plow,
Where often ye hae been ;
I’ll tak my mantle folded up,
And walk i’ the garden green.

“The baron and my mother dear
Will wonder what I mean ;
They’ll think I’ve been disturbed sair,
When I am up so soon.”

But this pass’d on, and farther on,
For two months and a day,
Till word came to the bauld baron,
And an angry man was he.

The baron swore a solemn oath,
An angry man was he,
“The morn, before I eat or drink,
High hanged shall he be.”

“Farewell, my lovely maiden fair,
A long adieu to thee ;
Your father’s sworn a solemn swear
That hanged I shall be.”

“O woe’s me,” the lady said,
“Yet do not troubled be ;
If e’er they touch the hair on thy head,
They’ll get no good of me.”

He turn’d him right and round about,
And a loud loud laugh gae he ;
“That man stood never in the court
That dare this day hang me.”

The lady spake from her bouir door,
An angry woman was she ;
“What insolence in you to tryst
Her to the green wood tree.”

“If she had not given her consent,
She had not gone wi’ me ;
If she came a maiden to green wood,
She return’d again for me.”

He turn’d him right and round about,
And a loud loud laugh gae he ;
“Ye may wed your daughter whan ye will,
She’s none the worse for me.”

He has gone whistling o’er the knowe,
Swift as the bird that flaw ;
The lady stood in her bouir door,
And lout the salt tears fa.

But this pass’d on, and further on,
A twelve month and a day,
Till there came a knight and a baron bright
To woo this lady gay.

He soon gain’d the baron’s will,
Likewise the mother gay ;
He woo’d and won the lady’s love,
But by a slow degree.

“O weel befa’ you, daughter dear,
And happy may ye be,
To lay your love on the grand knight,
And let the hireman be.”

“O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And speak not so to me ;
Far more I love the hireman chiel
Than a’ the knights I see.”

The morn was come, and bells were rung,
And all to church repair ;
But like the rose among the throng
Was the lady and her Maries fair.

But as they walked o’er the field,
Among the flowers fair,
Beneath a tree stood on the plain,
The hireman chiel was there.

“I wish you joy, my gay madam,
And aye well may ye be ;
There is a ring, a pledge of love,
That ance I got from thee.”

“O wae befa’ ye, you hireman chiel,
Some ill death may ye dee ;
Ye might hae tauld to me your name,
Your hame, or what countrie.”

“If ye luvè me, my lady gay,
As ye protest ye do,
Then turn your love from this gay knight,
And reach your hand to me.”

Then out spake the gay baron,
And an angry man was he ;
“If I had known she was belov’d,
She had never been lov’d by me.”

When she was set on high horse-back,
And riding thro’ the glen,
They saw her father posting quick,
With fifty armed men.

“Do for yourself, my hireman lad,
And for your safety flee ;
My father he will take me back,
But married I’ll never be.”

When they were up yon rising hill,
There low down i’ the glen,
He saw his father’s gilded coach,
Wi’ five hundred gentlemen.

“Come back, turn back, my hireman chiel,
Turn back and speak wi’ me ;
Ye’ve serv’d me lang for the lady’s sake,
Come back, and get your fee.”

“Your blessing give us instantly,
Is all we crave o’ thee ;
These seven years I’ve serv’d for her sake,
But now I’m paid my fee.”

*KING COPHETUA AND THE
BEGGAR MAID*

I READ that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine :
From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
But did them all disdaine.
But, marke, what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,
From heaven downe did hie ;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye :
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would dye.

What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head :
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remoove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor begger must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her companie,
That so did 'maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life ;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes ;
Full little then this begger knowes
When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,
The beggers all gan cry :
Vouchsafe to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.
The king to them his pursse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste ;
This silly woman was the last .

That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine ;
And said, With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye :

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene ;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene :
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree :
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maid ? quoth he.
Penelophon, O king, quoth she :
With that she made a lowe courtsèy ;
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallàce :
The king with courteous comly talke
This begger doth imbrace :

The begger blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
 She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, O king, I doe rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
 And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
 The king commanded strait
The noblemen both all and some
 Upon the queene to wait.
And she behaved herself that day,
As if she had never walkt the way ;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
 Which she did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins his masse,
Forgets that ever clerke he was ;
 He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
 Though long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
 The begger for to wed :
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and faine,
Or else he would himselfe have slaine,
 In storie, as we read.

Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,
But pittie now thy servant heere,
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raigne ;
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pitiously,
Their death to them was paine,
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every prince's realme.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

“ RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,” she says,
“ And put on your armour so bright ;
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

“ Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night.”—

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
Come riding o'er the lee.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand."—

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."—

O, she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

“O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg’ret,” he said,
“O whether will ye gang or bide?”—
“I’ll gang, I’ll gang, Lord William,” she said,
“For you have left me no other guide.”—

He’s lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a’ by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear ;
And down the stream ran his gude heart’s blood,
And sair she ’gan to fear.

“Hold up, hold up, Lord William,” she says,
“For I fear that you are slain !”—
“’Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain.”—

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a’ by the light of the moon,
Until they cam to his mother’s ha’ door,
And there they lighted down.

“Get up, get up, lady mother,” he says,
“Get up, and let me in!—
Get up, get up, lady mother,” he says,
“For this night my fair lady I’ve win.

“O mak my bed, lady mother,” he says,
“O mak it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg’ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.”—

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg’ret lang ere day—
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie’s kirk,
Lady Marg’ret in Marie’s quire;
Out o’ the lady’s grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o’ the knight’s a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a’ the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pull’d up the bonny brier,
And flang’d in St. Marie’s Loch.

ARGENTILE AND CURAN

THE Bruton's being departed hence
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
Where diversly in divers broyles
The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright
In Diria jointly raigne ;
In loyal concorde during life
These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,
To Edel thus he sayes ;
By those same bondes of happie love,
That held us friends alwaies ;

By our by-parted crowne, of which
The moyetie is mine ;
By God, to whom my soule must passe,
And so in time may thine ;

I pray thee, nay I cònjure thee,
To nourish, as thine owne,
Thy niece, my daughter Argentile,
Till she to age be growne ;
And then, as thou receivest it,
Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,
The testatòr he dies ;
But all that Edel undertooke,
He afterwards denies.

Yet while he fosters for a time
The damsell that was growne
The fairest lady under heaven ;
Whose beautie being knowne,

A many princes seeke her love ;
But none might her obtaine ;
For grippell Edel to himselfe
Her kingdome sought to gaine ;
And for that cause from sight of such
He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
A prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love,
As much as man might bee.

Unhappie youth, what should he doe ?
His saint was kept in mewe ;
Nor he, nor any nobleman
Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits
He pines himselfe awaye ;
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he maye :

And still against the kings restraint
Did secretly invay.
At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines
Into a kitchen drudge,
That so at least of life or death
She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speake,
He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth : her answer was,
She husbandles would stay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
His booty to atchieve,
Nor caring what became of her,
So he by her might thrive ;
At last his resolution was
Some pessant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)
He did observe with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Sapt many an amorous toye.

The king, perceiving such his veine,
Promotes his vassal still,
Lest that the basenesse of the man
Should lett, perhaps, his will.

Assured therefore of his love,
But not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himselfe
In his behalf did woe.

The lady resolute from love,
Unkindly takes that he
Should barre the noble, and unto
So base a match agree :

And therefore shifting out of doores,
Departed thence by stealth ;
Preferring povertie before
A dangerous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape,
The anguish in his hart
Was more than much, and after her
From court he did depart ;

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
His country, friends, and all,
And only minding (whom he mist)
The foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
Or court, or stately townes,
But solitarily to live
Amongst the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
Well pleased so to live,
And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,
Grew almost to the waine :
But then began a second love,
The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
Where Curan kept his sheepe,
Did feed her drove : and now on her
Was all the shepherds keepe.

He borrowed on the working daies
His holy russets oft,
And of the bacon's fat, to make
His startops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend,
He left it at the folde :
Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,
And cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the seasons fruit
He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,
And sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten straw
He piped melody.

But when he spyed her his saint,
He wip'd his greasie shooes,
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
And thus the shepherd wooes.

“I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese,
As good as tooth may chawe,
And bread and wildings souling well,
(And therewithall did drawe

“His lardrie) and in yeaning see
Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,
Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,
If I might tup with thee.

“Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
Too elvish and too coy :
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
That such a flocke enjoy ?

“I wis I am not : yet that thou
Doest hold me in disdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe
To all that keepe this plaine.



R. SAVAGE

“There be as quaint (at least that thinke
Themselves as quaint) that crave
The match, that thou, I wot not why,
Maist, but mislik'st to have.

“How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot,
Thou art a female) I,
Her know not here that willingly
With maiden-head would die.

“The plowmans labour hath no end,
And he a churle will prove :
The craftsman hath more worke in hand
Then fitteth unto love :

“The merchant, traffiquing abroad,
Suspects his wife at home :
A youth will play the wanton ; and
An old man prove a mome.

“Then chuse a shepheard : with the sun
He doth his flocke unfold,
And all the day on hill or plaine
He merrie chat can hold ;

“And with the sun doth folde againe ;
Then jogging home betime,
He turnes a crab, or turnes a round,
Or sings some merry ryme.

“Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
The nut-brown bowl doth trot ;
And sitteth singing care away,
Till he to bed be got :

“Theare sleeps he soundly all the night,
Forgetting morrow-cares :
Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
Nor uttering of his wares ;

“Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
Or cracke of credit lost :
Not spending franklier than his flocke
Shall still defray the cost.

“Well wot I, sooth they say, that say
More quiet nights and daies
The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he
Whose cattel he doth graize.

“Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
A man, and so am I :
Content is worth a monarchie,
And mischiefs hit the hie ;

“As late it did a king and his
Not dwelling far from hence,
Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
For fair a matchless wench.”—
Here did he pause, as if his tongue
Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was.
“She bore, quoth he, the bell

“For beautie : though I clownish am,
I know what beautie is ;
Or did I not, at seeing thee,
I senceles were to mis.

“Her stature comely, tall ; her gate
Well graced ; and her wit
To marvell at, not meddle with,
As matchless I omit.

“A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
A forehead smooth and hie,
An even nose ; on either side
Did shine a grayish eie :

“Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,
White just-set teeth within ;
A mouth in meane ; and underneathe
A round and dimpled chin.

“Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,
Stood bolt upright upon
Her portly shoulders : beating balles
Her veined breasts, anon

“ Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
Her middle falling still,
And rising whereas women rise :
—Imagine nothing ill.

“ And more, her long and limber armes
Had white and azure wrists ;
And slender fingers aunswere to
Her smooth and lillie fists.

“ A legge in print, a pretie foot ;
Conjecture of the rest :
For amorous eies, observing forme,
Think parts obscured best.

“ With these, O raretie ! with these
Her tong of speech was spare ;
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,
The balle from Ide to bear.

“ With Phoebe, Juno, and with both
Herselfe contends in face ;
Wheare equall mixture did not want
Of milde and stately grace.

“ Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
Were chearefull unto all :
Even such as neither wanton seeme,
Nor waiward ; mell, nor gall.

“ A quiet minde, a patient moode,
And not disdaining any ;
Not gybing, gadding, gawdy : and
Sweete faculties had many.

“ A nymph, no tong, no heart, no eie,
Might praise, might wish, might see ;
For life, for love, for forme ; more good,
More worth, more faire than shee.

“ Yea such an one, as such was none,
Save only she was such :
Of Argentile to say the most,
Were to be silent much.”

I knew the lady very well,
But worthles of such praise,
The neatresse said : and muse I do,
A shepheard thus should blaze
The coate of beautie. Credit me,
Thy latter speech bewraies

Thy clownish shape a coined`shew.
But wherefore dost thou weepe ?
The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
And both doe silence keepe.

“ In troth, quoth he, I am not such,
As seeming I professe ;
But then for her, and now for thee,
I from myselfe digresse.

“ Her loved I (wretch that I am
A recreant to be),
I loved her, that hated love,
But now I die for thee.

“ At Kirkland is my fathers court,
And Curan is my name,
In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
Till love countrould the same :

“ But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?
What ailest thou to weepe ? ”
The damsell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much,
That you did love so much :
But whom your former could not move,
Your second love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love presents
Herself a single fee,
In passion not in person chang'd,
And I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,
And silent for a space,
When as the extasie had end,
Did tenderly imbrace ;
And for their wedding, and their wish
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then
Was named so this land)
Then Curan had an hardier knight ;
His force could none withstand :
Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime
In Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria, and he wonne
Bernicia too in fight :

And so from trecherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne,
And of Northumberland was king,
Long raiging in renowne.

YOUNG BENJIE

OF a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie ;
And young Benjie was her ae true love,
And a dear true love was he.

And wow but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie ;
But aye the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.

And they hae quarrell'd on a day,
 'Till Marjorie's heart grew wae ;
And she said she'd chuse another luvie,
 And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout, and proud-hearted,
 And thought o't bitterlie ;
And he's gane by the wan moonlight,
 To meet his Marjorie.

“O open, open, my true love,
 O open, and let me in !”—
“I darena open, young Benjie,
 My three brothers are within.”—

“Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
 Sae loud's I hear ye lie ;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
 They bade gude e'en to me.

“But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
 That I have loved sae lang !
It sets ye chuse another love,
 And let young Benjie gang.”—

Then Marjorie turn'd her round about,
 The tear blinding her ee—
“I darena, darena let thee in,
 But I'll come down to thee.”—

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
“ O what ill hae I done ? ”—
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her o’er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith laith to be dang,
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,
“ O see na ye what I see ? ”
And out then spak her second brother,
“ It’s our sister Marjorie ! ”—

Out then spak her eldest brother,
“ O how shall we her ken ? ”—
And out then spak her youngest brother,
“ There’s a honey mark on her chin. ”—

Then they’ve ta’en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the ground—
“ O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found ? ”

“ The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say. ”—

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear,
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,
The cocks began to crow ;
And at the dead hour o' the night,
The corpse began to thraw.

“ O whae has done thee wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin ?
Whae was sae stout, and fear'd nae dout,
As thraw ye o'er the linn ? ”—

“ Young Benjie was the first ae man
I laid my love upon ;
He was sae stout, and proud-hearted,
He threw me o'er the linn.”—

“ Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
Sall we young Benjie hang,
Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang ? ”—

“ Ye maunna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye maunna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him ere he gang.

“Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house
To wait young Benjie on.

“And aye, at every seven years’ end,
Ye’ll tak him to the linn ;
For that’s the penance he maun dree,
To scug his deadly sin.”

REEDISDALE AND WISE WILLIAM

WHEN Reedisdale and Wise William
Were drinking at the wine,
There fell a roosing them amang,
On one unruly time.

For some of them hae roosed their hawks,
And other some their hounds ;
And other some their ladies fair,
And their bow’rs where they walked in.

When out it spak him Reedisdale,
And a rash word spak he :
Says, “There is not a lady fair,
In bower wherever she be,
But I could aye her favour win
With one blink of my ee.”

Then out it spak him Wise William,
And a rash word spak he :
Says, “ I have a sister of my own,
In bower wherever she be,
And ye will not her favour win,
With three blinks of your ee.”

“ What will you wager, Wise William ?
My lands I'll wad with thee ; ”
“ I'll wad my head against your land,
Till I get more monie.”

Then Reedisdale took Wise William—
Laid him in prison strang ;
That he might neither gang nor ride,
Nor no word to her send.

But he has written a braid letter,
Between the night and day,
And sent it to his own sister,
By dun feather and gray.

When she had read Wise William's letter,
She smiled and she leuch ;
Said, “ Very weel, my dear brother,
Of this I have eneuch.”

She looked out at her west window,
To see what she could see,
And there she spied him Reedisdale
Come riding o'er the lea.

Says, "Come to me, my maidens all,
Come hitherward to me ;
For here it comes him Reedisdale,
Who comes a-courting me."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me."
"Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me ;
And bonnie are the gowns of silk
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie gowns of silk,
O mine is bonnie tee ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see ;
And bonnie jewels, broaches, rings,
I will giye unto thee."

"If you have bonnie broaches, rings,
O mine are bonnie tee ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

“Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I’ll see ;
And bonnie are the halls and bowers
That I will give to thee.”

“If you have bonnie halls and bowers,
O mine are bonnie tee ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see.”

“Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I’ll see ;
And bonnie are my lands so broad
That I will give to thee.”

“If you have bonnie lands so broad,
O mine are bonnie tee ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see.”

“Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I’ll see ;
And bonnie are the bags of gold
That I will give to thee.”

“If you have bonnie bags of gold,
I have bags of the same ;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For down I will not come.”

“Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I’ll see,
Or else I’ll set your house on fire,
If better can not be.”

Then he has set the house on fire,
And all the rest it took ;
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, “Alas ! they’ll ne’er get out.”

“Look out, look out, my maidens fair,
Come hither unto me ;
For through this reek and through this smeek
O through it we must be.”

They took wèt mantles them about,
Their coffers by the band ;
And through the reek and through the flame
Alive they all have wan.

When they had got out through the fire,
And able all to stand,
She sent a maid to Wise William,
To bruik Reedisdale’s land.

“Your lands are mine now, Reedisdale,
For I have won them free.”
“If there is a good woman in the world,
Your one sister is she.”

FAIR ROSAMOND

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face ;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each man's sight ;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
A hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong :

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile :

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke :

“My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye :
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye ;

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle :
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farwelle !

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee.”

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did showe ;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceivde
Her vitall spirits faile ;

And falling down all in a swoone
Before king Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her bodye did embrace :

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?
The king did often say.
Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
Amonge your foes unkinde
Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

Nay, rather let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare ;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye,
No toil I will refuse ;
But wanting you, my life is death ;
Nay, death Ild rather chuse !

“Content thy self, my dearest love ;
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle ;
For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres ;
Soft peace their sexe delightes ;
Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers :
Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.

My Rose shall safely here abide,
With musicke passe the daye ;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle and golde,
Whilst Ime in armour dighte ;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence ;
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence.”

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake :
And Rosamonde, for very grieve,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore ;
After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone ;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls this trustye knighte,
In an unhappy houre ;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with steadfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee ;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

“ Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
Faure Rosamonde did crye ;
And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide ;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe.”

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there ;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee ;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand :

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle ;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chieftest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

YOUNG BEICHAN

IN London was young Beichan born,
He longed strange countries for to see ;
But he was taken by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie.

For he viewed the fashions of that land,
Their way of worship viewèd he ;
But to Mahmoud or Termagant
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So in every shoulder they've putten a bore,
In every bore they've putten a tree ;
And they've made him trail the wine
And spices on his fair bodie.

They've casten him in a dungeon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see ;
For seven years they kept him there,
Till he for hunger's like to die.

This Moor he had but ae daughtèr,
Her name was callèd Susie Pye ;
And every day, as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison she passed by.

O so it fell upon a day

She heard young Beichan sadly sing :

“ My hounds they all go masterless,

My hawks they flee from tree to tree,

My younger brother will heir the land,

Fair England again I'll never see !”

All night long no rest she got,

Young Beichan's song for thinking on,

She's stown the keys from her father's head,

And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has opened the prison doors,

I wot she opened two or three

Ere she could come young Beichan at,

He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,

Sore wondered he that may to see ;

He took her for some fair captive—

“ Fair lady, I pray, of what countrie ?”

“ O have ye any lands,” she said,

“ Or castles in your own countrie,

That ye could give to a lady fair,

From prison strong to set you free ?”

“ Near London town I have a hall,

With other castles two or three ;

I'll give them all to the lady fair

That out of prison will set me free.”

“Give me the truth of your right hand,
The truth of it give unto me,
That for seven long years ye’ll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me.”

“I’ll gi’e the truth of my right hand,
The truth of it I’ll freely gi’e,
That for seven long years I’ll stay unwed,
‘For the kindness thou dost show to me.”

And she has brib’d the proud wardèr
Wi’ mickle gold and white monie ;
She’s gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She’s gi’en him to eat the good spice-cake,
She’s gi’en him to drink the blood-red wine,
She’s bidden him sometimes think of her,
That sae kindly freed him out of pine.

She’s broken a ring from her finger,
And to Beichan half of it gave she ;
“Keep it to mind you of that love
The lady bore that set you free.

“And set your foot on good ship-board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie ;
And before that seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me.”

But long ere seven years had an end,
She longed full sore her love to see ;
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, " Beichan has broke his vow to thee."
So she's set her foot on good ship-board,
And turned her back on her own countrie.

She sailèd east, she sailèd west,
Till to fair England's shore she came ;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news, what news, thou bonny shephèrd?
What news hast thou to tell to me?"
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,
"The like was never in this countrie.

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,
Has lasted these thirty days and three ;
Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,
For love of one that's yond the sea."

She's put her hand in her pockèt,
Gi'en him the gold and white monie ;
"Hae, take ye that, my bonny boy,
For the good news thou tellest to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,
She tirlèd softly at the pin ;
So ready was the proud portèr
To open and let this lady in.

“Is this young Beichan’s hall,” she said,
“Or is that noble lord within?”

“Yea, he’s in the hall among them all,
And this is the day o’ his weddìn’.”

“And has he wed anither love?
And has he clean forgotten me?”
And, sighing, said that gay ladie,
“I wish I were in my own countrie.”

And she has ta’en her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free;
Says, “Gi’e him that, ye proud portèr,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me.”

When the porter came his lord before,
He kneeled down low upon his knee—
“What aileth thee, my proud portèr,
Thou art so full of courtesie?”

“I’ve been porter at your gates,
It’s thirty long years now and three;
But there stands a lady at them now,
The like o’ her did I never see;

“For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid finger she has three;
And as meickle gold aboon her brow
As would buy an earldom to me.”

It's out then spak the bride's mothèr,
Aye, and an angry woman was shee :
“Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,
And twa or three of our companie.”

“O hold your tongue, thou bride's mothèr ;
Of all your folly let me be ;
She's ten times fairer than the bride,
And all that's in your companie.

“She begs one sheave of your white bread,
But and a cup of your red wine ;
And to remember the lady's love,
That last relieved you out of pine.”

“O well-a-day !” said Beichan then,
“That I so soon have married thee !
For it can be none but Susie Pye,
That sailed the sea for love of me.”

And quickly hied he down the stair,
Of fifteen steps he made but three ;
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

“O ha'e ye ta'en anither bride ?
And ha'e ye quite forgotten me ?
And ha'e ye quite forgotten her
That gave you life and libertie ?”

She lookèd o'er her left shouldèr,
To hide the tears stood in her e'e ;
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,
For surely this can never be ;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dree'd so much for me."

Then out and spak the forenoon bride—
"My lord, your love it changeth soon ;
This morning I was made your bride,
And another chose ere it be noon."

"O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride ;
Ye're ne'er a whit the worse for me ;
And whan ye return to your own countrie,
A double dower I'll send with thee."

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down ;
And ay, as he kist her red rosy lips,
"Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane ;
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,
And he's called her his bonnylove, Lady Jane.

GLOSSARY

- Abune*, above.
Acton, a quilted leathern jacket worn under the mail armour; sometimes used for the armour itself.
Ae, one.
Aft, often.
Aik, oak.
Airn, iron.
Alace, alas.
Ance, once.
Angel, a gold coin, worth from 6s. 8d. to ros.
Aslake, to slacken, to abate.
Bachelvere, knight.
Baith, both.
Bale, evil, mischief.
Balow, hush, lullaby.
Band, bond, covenant.
Banning, cursing.
Bedeene, immediately.
Bedight, bedecked.
Beforne, before.
Ben, within doors.
Bents, long coarse grass.
Bigly, pleasant, delightful.
Birk, birch-tree.
Birle, to pour out, to draw wine.
Bisse, a silk of fine texture.
Blanne, stopped, lingered.
Blee, bloom, colour, complexion.
Blinne, to cease, give over.
Bookes-man, clerk, secretary.
Boote, advantage, help, assistance.
Bore, hole.
Borrowed, warranted, pledged, changed.
Bot, besides, without, unless, both.
Bouir, *bour*, bower, chamber.
Bouted, bolted, sifted.
Bowne, ready, prepared, going.
Bowre, bower, chamber.
Brae, the brow of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Brande, sword.
Brash, sickness.
Brast, burst.
Breides, causes.
Brenn, *brenne*, burn.
Brent, burnt.
Bridesteel, seat in church where the bride and groom sat before the service.
Brimme, public, known.
Brodunge, sprouting, shooting up.
Bruik, to enjoy, to possess.
Burd, lady.
Busk, to array, to prepare.
But and, and also.
Butt, without, out of doors.
Bye, aside.
By-parted, divided into two parts.
Byre, cow-house.
Byte, to cut, as a sword.
Carcket, a necklace.
Carline, a hale old woman.
Carlsh, churlish, discourteous.
Channerin', fretting.
Chap, knock.
Cleading, clothing.
Clear, pure.
Cliding, clothing.
Coll'd, cut, fashioned, shaped.
Corbies, carrion crows or ravens.
Cosh, quiet.
Course-a-park, an old rustic game.
Cramasiè, crimson.
Crumpling, twisted, crooked.
Cryance, fear.
Dang, struck violently.
Dapperpy, smart.
Dele, part, portion; *never a dele*, not at all.
Derked, darkened.
Descreeve, discover, give notice of.
Did on, put on.
Dight, to order, dispose, adorn, deck; ordered, disposed, decked.
Dill, dole, grief, pain.

- Dinge*, to strike violently, knock, beat.
Do, done.
Dois, does.
Dole, grief, sorrow.
Dourna, dare not.
Dree, drie, drye, to suffer, to endure.
Drumly, gloomy.
Dule, grief.
Dystrayne, constrain.
Ee, eye.
Eldridge, ghastly, wild, ghostly.
Eneuch, enough, enough.
Fa, fall.
Fadge, a small flat loaf, or thick cake.
Fail, turf.
Faine, glad, willing.
Falsing, deception.
Farden, fared, flashed.
Faynings, flattery.
Fee, property, money, reward, bribe.
Felawe, companion, friend.
Fell, furious, sharp, keen, cruel.
Fere, mate, companion, wife ; fear.
Fette, fetched.
Filinge, defiling.
Fine, unchanged.
Flaw, flew.
Flude, flood.
Flinders, pieces, fragments, splinters.
Forbye, past, near, besides.
Fow, full.
Franklier, more freely.
Frush, brittle.
Gae, gave, go.
Gaed, went.
Gang, to go.
Gar, to force, to compel, to make.
Gard, Gart, made, compelled, forced.
Gate, way, path, road.
Giffe, if.
Ginn, contrivance.
Girds, the hoops of barrels.
Gorgett, a defence for the neck, neckerchief.
Gowan, crow-foot, or gold-cup.
Gramarye, learning, magic.
Grat, wept.
Greet, to weep.
Grew hound, greyhound.
Grimlie, grim, terrible.
- Grippell*, griping, grasping, miserly.
Grownnes, grounds.
Growte, small beer.
Grype, griffin.
Ha', hall.
Had, hold.
Haik up, to hold in suspense, to delude with false hopes.
Haud, hold.
Hause-bane, neck-bone.
Hele, health.
Hend, noble, of rank.
Herault, herald.
Hewberke, hauberk, a coat of mail.
Hight, engaged, promised, named.
Hip, the berry of the wild rose.
Houze, to administer the Eucharist.
Huggle, to hug, to clasp.
Imbased, degraded.
I wys, I wot, I know, verily.
Jaw, wave.
Jimp, slender.
Jo, sweetheart.
Kame, comb.
Keepe, to dwell, to inhabit, to maintain ; maintenance.
Kell, shroud.
Kemperrye men, kempès, fighting men, warriors.
Kevils, lots.
Kilted, tucked up.
Kirtle, a garment consisting of skirt and jacket.
Knowe, hillock.
Kye, cattle.
Kyrtell, kirtle.
Laith, loth.
Langsome, long, tedious.
Lap, leaped.
Lardrie, provisions.
Lat, late, let.
Lave, remainder, rest.
Lawland, lowland.
Layden, laid.
Laye, faith, creed.
Lay gowd, to embroider with gold.
Lay-lawd, uncultivated land.
Lazar, leper.
Leal, loyal, faithful, chaste.
Leechinge, doctoring.
Lere, face, cheek.
Lett, left.
Lettest, hinderest.
Leuch, laughed.
Lever, rather, sooner, preferably.
Lichtly, make light of.

- Lig*, lie.
Lilly, lovely, charming.
Lither, bad.
Lodlye, loathsome, disgusting.
Loot, allowed, let.
Lope, leaped.
Lough, laughed.
Loun, one of low rank.
Loup, leap.
Loupen, leaped.
Lourd, preferred.
Louted, bent, bowed.
Lust, inclination, disposition.
Lskewake, watch of a dead body.
Mae, more.
Mahound, Mahomet.
Maining, moaning.
Mane, moan, complaint, lament.
Maries, maids.
Marrow, mate, spouse.
Mavis, song-thrush.
May, maid.
Mazer dish, a drinking vessel of wood.
Meede, reward.
Mell, honey; to meddle, to mingle.
Menzie, followers, retinue, household, people.
Mewe, confinement.
Mickle, great, much.
Minged, mentioned.
Mirk, dark.
Mome, dolt.
Monand, moaning.
Mone, moon.
Morn's night, to-morrow night.
Moss, bog.
Mote, may, might.
Muir, moor.
Mun, must.
Ne, nor, no, not.
Neatresse, a woman tending cattle.
Nee, *neigh*, nigh, approach.
Nicked him of naye, refused him with nay.
None, noon.
Norland, northern.
Nourice, nurse.
Obraid, upbraid.
Ony, any.
Or, ere.
Pall, *palle*, fine cloth.
Pardè, verily.
Paughty, haughty, malapert.
Paynim, pagan.
Pike, pick.
Pine, suffering, distress.
Prestlye, quickly.
Puing, pulling.
Quaint, elegant, neat, ingenious.
Quhan, when.
Quhat, what.
Quhatten, what.
Quhy, why.
Quick, alive.
Quier, choir.
Quilles, hollow stalks.
Rade, rode.
Reave, bereave.
Rede, advice, advise, counsel.
Reid, red.
Renish, shining.
Kenisht, cleansed, purified.
Renne, run.
Rescous, rescue.
Rew, *rewe*, pity, repent, rue.
Roode, cross, crucifix.
Roosed, toasted.
Roosing, drinking of toasts.
Row, roll.
Sarke, shirt, shift.
Saugh, the sallow willow.
Saye, assay, attempt.
Scant, scarcely.
Scath, harm, loss, damage.
Scoup, fly.
Scug, expiate.
Sea-maw, sea-mew.
Seely, simple.
Sen, since, sent.
Sets, suits, becomes.
Sheene, shining, glitter.
Shceve, a slice.
Shent, shamed, disgraced, blamed.
Sheugh, a rivulet.
Shope, shaped.
Sike, such.
Siker, secure, safe.
Silk, such.
Sith, since.
Skaith, harm mischief.
Skinkled, glittered.
Slae, sloe.
Slaited, whetted.
Slake, abate.
Sleive, soft floss-silk used for weaving.
Slode, split, slit.
Sloc, slay.
Slone, slain.
Smeeek, smoke.
Soldan, sultan.

- Souling*, satisfying.
Soy, silk.
Spakes, spokes, bars.
Speede, fortune, luck, help.
Speir, ask, enquire.
Spill, to destroy, to spoil, to perish.
Splene, violent haste.
Staining, excelling, outdoing.
Stark, stout, strong, stiff.
Startops, a kind of rough country boots with high tops.
Stean, stone.
Steek, stitch.
Step-minnie, step-mother.
Sterte, started.
Stey, steep.
Stiffe, strong, healthy, lusty, brave.
Stint, to stop.
Stour, conflict, battle.
Stout, bold, obstinate, stubborn.
Stower, conflict, battle.
Stown, stolen.
Stowre, conflict, battle.
Strae, straw.
Streikit, stretched, laid out (of a corpse).
Sture, rude, ill-looking.
Stythe, sty.
Suld, should.
Swevens, dreams.
Swith, quickly, instantly.
Swound, swoon.
Syke, a marsh.
Syne, then, afterwards.
Talents, ornaments of gold.
Tane, the one.
Tee, too.
Thame, them.
Than, then.
Theek, thatch.
Thraw, to twist.
Thrild, twirled, turned round.
Tift, puff of wind.
Till, to, to entice.
Tine, to lose.
Tint, lost.
Tirled, twirled.
Tither, the other.
Tone, the one.
Toofall, twilight.
Toomily, empty.
Towirs, towers.
- Toye*, whim, fancy, trifle.
Tree, a piece of wood.
Tull, to, upon.
Tush, tusk.
Twin'd, parted, separated.
Tyde, time.
Unbethought, bethought.
Unmacklye, misshapen.
Untill, unto.
Uttering, selling.
Wad, wager.
Wadded, wagered.
Wae, woe.
Waefo', woeful.
Wake, wait, watch.
Wallow't, faded, withered.
Waly, an interjection of grief.
Wame, womb.
Warde, forewarn, counsel.
Wate, blame.
Weede, clothing, attire.
Weet, wet.
Weids, clothing, attire.
Weil, weal.
Weird, fate, destiny.
Whig, sour whey.
Whilk, which.
Whingers, swords.
Wiel, wield.
Wightlye, strongly.
Wildings, crab-apples.
Win, get.
Wode, wood, mad.
Wood, *Woode*, mad.
World's make, earthly companion, mate, husband.
Worth, befall.
Wow, an exclamation of wonder.
Wyte, blame.
Yae, each.
Yate, gate.
Y-beare, bear.
Yeaning, lambing.
Yede, went.
Yett, gate.
Yode, *Youd*, went.
Y-were, were.
Ze, *Zee*, ye.
Ze're your lain, you are alone.
Ze's, you shall.
Zet, yet.
Zour, your.
Zouth, youth.

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